

# THE YOUNGERS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

B R O N A U G H



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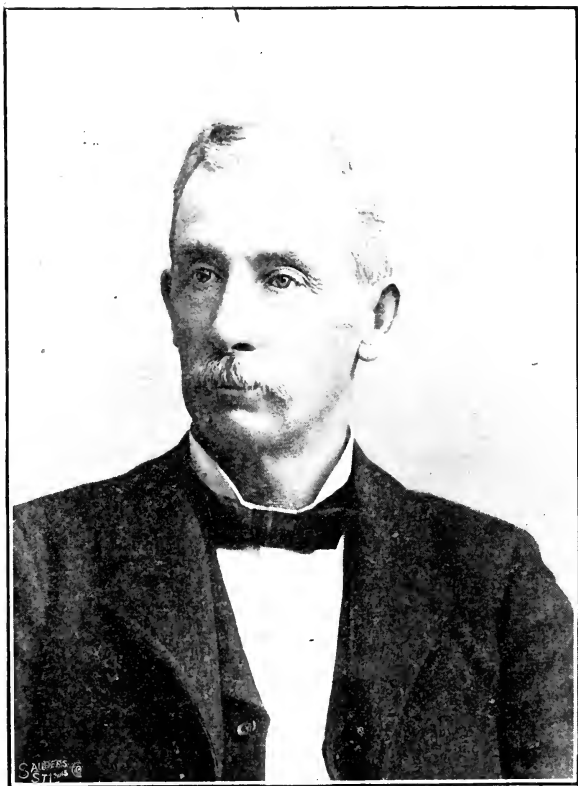












W. C. BRONAUGH.

# THE YOUNGERS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

A SOUTHERN SOLDIER'S TWENTY YEARS'  
CAMPAIGN TO OPEN NORTHERN PRISON  
DOORS—WITH ANECDOTES OF WAR DAYS

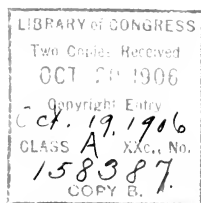
BY  
W. C. BRONAUGH  
OF COMPANY K, 16TH MISSOURI INFANTRY, C. S. A.

WHO SPENT THE PERIOD FROM 1882 TO 1902 TO SECURE THE  
RELEASE OF  
COLE, JIM, AND BOB YOUNGER  
FROM  
THE MINNESOTA STATE PENITENTIARY

LAST RELICS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY  
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A WORD OF PREFACE.

THE war between the states, as all wars, left scars everywhere. These scars were deepest on the border where the conflict was sharpest and the demoralization following the battle strife most complete. From this borderland in western Missouri, went into outlawry a group of men whose exploits have become part of the criminal history of the west. In mitigation of judgment, not in extenuation of their evil deeds, the times in which their early lives were cast must be remembered. Chief among this group were Coleman, James, and Robert Younger. This volume relates the story of these outlaws, not to gloss their crimes or to excuse their sins but to show that the way of the transgressor is ever a hard way. The volume does more. It tells how a gallant Missourian, true to sacred ties of friendship, gave time and thought and means, long and cheerfully, to securing the release of the Youngers from prison. The volume is worth reading as a contribution by high authority to the history of times much misunderstood and much misrepresented. It is worth reading for the strik-

*A Word of Preface.*

ing moral lesson it conveys. It is worth reading because it records what a friend may do—and should, if need be—for a friend. If the volume aids in setting history right, if by its teaching it turns from paths of evil to the highway that is safe, if it leads to truer, more unselfish friendship, it will serve its purpose well. For this purpose it carries its own commendation.

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Columbia, Missouri, Friday, July 13, 1906.



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## INTRODUCTION.

**I**N presenting this volume to the public I am not unmindful of the fact that it has been preceded by many cheap books and pamphlets dealing with the sensational side of the careers of the Younger brothers. They have been prepared mostly by irresponsible persons, who have drawn heavily upon their fevered imaginations and made either heroes or demons out of these unfortunate men. Cole Younger, in one of his letters to me, while he was yet serving sentence at Stillwater, said that at no time had he ever given anyone authority to write a book concerning the adventures of himself or his brothers.

This volume has been written and compiled along wholly different lines from the startling fiction evolved from the flighty brain of dime-novel authors. While an attempt has been made to enliven its pages at proper intervals with entertaining incidents and episodes, my principal aim has been to give a history of my twenty years' work toward the liberation of the Youngers. I believe I am justified in the assertion — though it may violate good taste and modesty — that there is no other instance

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in American history where a similar effort has been made. That is one excuse for my putting forth this book.

Humanly speaking, twenty years is a long time. Taken out of the ordinary life, there is but scant space left. Into this period was crowded such continuous toil, repeated disappointment, and wearying suspense as would attach to few other undertakings. At first it seemed an absolutely forlorn enterprise. Some of my best friends ridiculed the idea of any Missourian, and especially an ex-Confederate soldier, succeeding in the liberation of Coleman, James, and Robert Younger. Had they not escaped capital punishment by a mere technicality of the law, and had not the very lightest sentence possible been imposed upon them? Therefore, it seemed like a bold assurance that one of their own former fellow-citizens should arrogate to himself the duty of interfering with the righteous mandate of a Minnesota judge and jury.

The purpose of this volume is neither to vindicate nor condemn the Youngers. Two of them are beyond the influence of praise or censure. The strange and thrilling story of their lives has passed into history, but what I wish

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to emphasize is the fact that the liberation of the Youngers was due primarily to the sympathetic generosity of the people of Minnesota. This generosity possibly has no parallel in the history of any other community, and I desire here and now to acknowledge my profound recognition of this fact.

It would give me exceeding pleasure to print on these pages the name of every man and women who aided me in my efforts to obtain the release of the Youngers. Many of these persons displayed lofty courage in the firm and noble stand they took, simply that mercy might be shown and justice done. They had nothing material to gain, whatever the issue, but rather much to lose. They had to face frowning friends and endure severe criticism. Men in public life who hoped for still further honors were willing to sacrifice these simply for the sake of three guilty, but unfortunate, men at Stillwater. All were noble and true and not a few of them have passed to their ultimate reward in a better land.

I wish also to record my gratitude to those friends outside of Minnesota who so cheerfully upheld me in my mission of mercy. They responded nobly to my requests for words of rec-

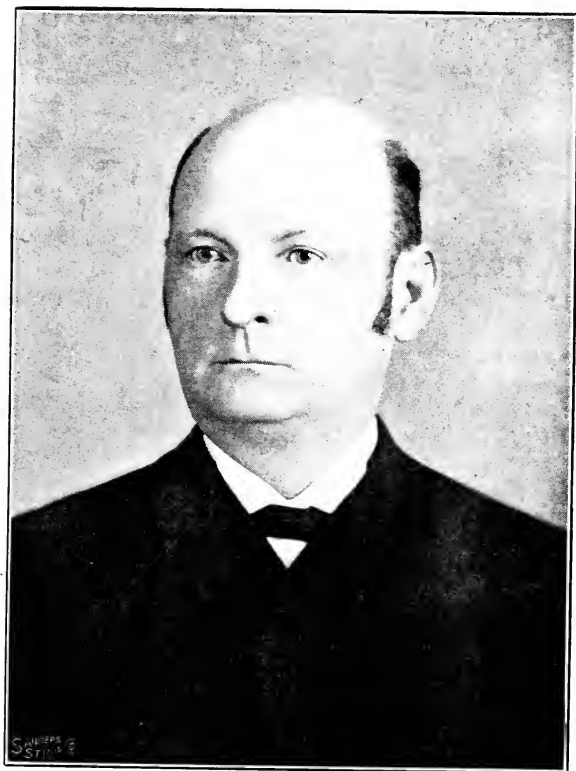
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ommendation to the powers in the far north, and many of them afforded financial aid for legitimate purposes.

It would be difficult for anyone not seeing it to appreciate the great mass of correspondence involved in this undertaking and covering a period of nearly twenty years. This correspondence has served me not only in the preparation of this book, but it vindicates my claim to being the originator and chief agitator of the pardon. Certain other persons have already arrogated to themselves all the credit for the movement leading to the release of the Youngers, but there is enough correspondence, shown in this book alone, to place the credit where it properly belongs.

W. C. BRONAUGH.

Clinton, Missouri, July 10, 1906.



COLEMAN YOUNGER.





## CHAPTER 1.

### A Preliminary Sketch.

**H**AD there been no Civil War in this country from 1861 to 1865, there would likely have been no story, good or bad, to write of Coleman, James, and Robert Younger, or of Jesse W. James and Frank James. There would have been no raid and murder at Northfield, Minnesota; there would have been no assassination in a certain little frame building in St. Joseph, Missouri; three brothers, of good family in this state, would not have been confined in the historic prison at Stillwater — one of them to die within the dank shadows of its walls — the other two to spend a quarter of a century there, shut closely in from fair skies and green fields until the fine flower of their fresh young manhood had withered and faded away and they had become prematurely old men — only one of them to return alive to the scenes of his youth and the homes and haunts of his kindred.

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Volumes have been written by a hundred different authors on the border troubles between Kansas and Missouri, that preceded the opening of the great drama, that covered a continent and engaged the attention of the whole civilized world for four of the bloodiest years in modern history. It was a fit curtain-raiser for a stupendous tragedy that made a crimson gulf between states, counties, communities, kindred and neighbors.

The struggle began in the Territory of Kansas in the middle '50's, primarily and practically over the vexed question of slavery. Should Kansas be admitted with or without this institution was debated in Congress, on the stump and in the pulpit by the oratorical and forensic giants of the land. It involved the neighboring state of Missouri, between which and the new territory flowed only a narrow and insignificant stream.

The East, and especially New England, sent thousands of colonists into this new western land of promise to establish a free state. Among these colonists were many daring spirits and notorious adventurers, who were determined to plant there the anti-slavery practices and principles that were the forerunners of the

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great Civil War. Pre-eminent for audacity and as abolitionists were John Brown and Jim Lane—one of whom was to die on the scaffold in Virginia, and the other to fill the dishonored grave of a suicide.

Missouri was a slave state and also had her share of reckless and domineering leaders, who saw with alarm and frowning faces the anti-slavery invasion of a neighboring territory. Feuds and reprisals arose between the two sections. The little Kansas river, hardly wide enough or deep enough to float a barge, was crossed and recrossed by the opposing parties, armed to the teeth. John Brown came over into Missouri and ran off slaves from their owners, also committing other depredations. Dare-devil Missourians went over into Kansas, meddled with the local elections, and did other wrongs. Murders were numerous. Border warfare — savage and stern and relentless — reigned night and day. Cass, St. Clair, Jackson and Bates counties, in Missouri, were sufferers at the hands of the hated old John Brown and the despised Gen. Jim Lane. The latter, in command of a force of Jayhawkers and Redlegs, in the fall of 1861, made a sudden descent on Osceola, the beautiful and quiet

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little county-seat of St. Clair county, looted stores, insulted citizens, and burned the town to the ground. In the summer of 1863, in retaliation for this outrage, the bloodthirsty Quantrell, with a large band of Confederate rough-riders, perpetrated the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas.

In Cass and Jackson counties the parents and other kindred of the Younger boys resided. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with anger and hatred and blood, and in this atmosphere the Youngers were growing up, their youth keenly susceptible to the prevailing influences of the time.

The Civil War came on, and found H. W. Younger, a resident of Cass county, Missouri, a pronounced southern man and slaveholder, although he opposed secession and still stood firmly for the Union. He had a United States government mail contract and was in Washington City, looking after his interests in that particular, when Kansas Redlegs made a raid on his livery-stable and stage line at Harrisonville, looting and destroying much of his property.

Not long after this Mr. Younger, while returning home, on horseback, from a business

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trip to Kansas City, was waylaid, murdered, and robbed. A Federal captain named Walley and his men were charged with the bloody crime. A young woman cousin of the Younger boys, while held by the Federals as a prisoner in a dilapidated building in Kansas City, was killed by the house falling in, it being alleged that the walls had been secretly undermined by the Federals for the purpose of causing the death of the inmates.

Added to the above outrages, the mother of the Younger boys was cruelly treated by the local militia, finally being driven from her home. All these things made Cole Younger, the oldest one of the afterwards noted brothers, desperate, and it was but natural that he should seek service in the army. He joined Quantrell's band. However, it will be plainly shown in the course of this narrative that Cole Younger always fought in open warfare, though at times he may have been compelled to ride under the black flag.

At the close of the war Coleman and James Younger — the latter of whom had been in the Confederate army but a year or so — were outlawed and denied the privilege of living at home. A price was set upon their heads and

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they became wanderers, desperadoes, and finally train and bank robbers, though many crimes were placed to their credit of which there is abundant proof they were never guilty.

At the session of the Missouri legislature in 1875, a bill was introduced in the house by the late Gen. Jeff Jones, of Callaway county, offering amnesty to the Younger and James Brothers, designating them by name, from all their acts during the war and pledging them an impartial trial on any charges against them arising since the close of the rebellion.

The bill was approved by Attorney-General John A. Hockaday, was favorably reported by a majority of the committee on criminal jurisprudence, but an unhappy incident occurred while the measure was pending with fair prospects of success, and it was defeated by a single vote.

The bill in the main, read as follows:

“Whereas, by the fourth section of the eleventh article of the Constitution of Missouri, all persons in the military service of the United States, or who acted under the authority thereof in this state, are relieved from all civil liability and all criminal punishment for all acts

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done by them since the first day of January, A D. 1861; and,

“Whereas, by the twelfth section of said eleventh article of said Constitution, provision is made by which, under certain circumstances, may be seized, transported to, indicted, tried and punished in distant counties, any Confederate under ban of despotic displeasure, thereby contravening the Constitution of the United States, and every principle of enlightened humanity; and,

“Whereas, such discrimination evinces a want of manly generosity and statesmanship on the part of the party imposing, and of courage and manhood on the part of the party submitting tamely thereto; and,

“Whereas, under the outlawry pronounced against Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, James Younger and others, who gallantly periled their lives and their all in defense of their principles, they are of necessity made desperate, driven as they are from the fields of honest industry, from their friends, their families, their homes and their country, they can know no law but the law of self-preservation, nor can have no respect for and feel no allegiance to a government which forces

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them to the very act it professes to deprecate, and then offers a bounty for their apprehension, and arms foreign mercenaries with power to capture and kill them; and,

“Whereas, believing these men too brave to be mean, too generous to be revengeful, and too gallant and honorable to betray a friend or break a promise; and believing further that most, if not all, of the offenses with which they are charged, have been committed by others, and perhaps by those pretending to hunt them, or by their confederates; that their names are and have been used to divert suspicion from and thereby relieve the actual perpetrators; that the return of these men to their homes and friends would have the effect of greatly lessening crime in our state by turning public attention to the real criminals, and that common justice, sound policy and true statesmanship alike demand that amnesty should be extended to all alike, of both parties, for all acts done or charged to have been done during the war; therefore, be it

“Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the senate concurring therein, that the Governor of the state be, and he is hereby requested to issue a proclamation notifying the said





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Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, James Younger, and others that full and complete amnesty and pardon will be granted them for all acts charged or committed by them during the late Civil War, and inviting them peacefully to return to their respective homes in this state, and there quietly to remain, submitting themselves to such proceedings as may be instituted against them by the courts for all offenses charged to have been committed since said war, promising and guaranteeing to them full protection and a fair trial therein, and that full protection shall be given them from the time of their entrance into the state and his notice thereof under said proclamation and invitation."

The fatal and final feat of the three Younger brothers — Bob in the meantime having become a member of the gang — was the memorable and murderous raid on the bank at Northfield, Minnesota, the following year. Never was a more foolhardy or disastrous expedition undertaken by any body of men. The party for this trip was organized in 1876, and was composed of Coleman, James, and Robert Younger, Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell, Charlie Pitts, and two others known as Woods and Howard.

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Reaching Minnesota, the gang spent several days in Minneapolis and St. Paul prior to their descent on Northfield, which took place on the morning of September 7, 1876, after the town and surrounding neighborhood had been thoroughly reconnoitered.

The death of Cashier Haywood, in the bank, the battle with the citizens in the streets, in which several of the invaders were either killed or wounded, the flight, pursuit, and capture are an old story that call but for a brief rehearsal here.

Gov. John S. Pillsbury offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the capture of the six men who had escaped, and this he afterwards changed to one thousand dollars for each of them, dead or alive. The Northfield bank offered seven hundred dollars and the Winona & St. Peter Railway Company offered five hundred dollars.

The whole country was aroused and the chase was immediately taken up. After two weeks had passed the fugitives were brought to bay, September 21, eight miles southwest of Madelia, Minnesota. Woods and Howard escaped, Pitts was killed, and the three Youngers, shot and mangled and utterly undone, surrendered themselves.

## CHAPTER 2.

### A Confederate Picket.

**I**N the beautiful and quaint little town of Buffalo, situated on the banks of the romantic Kanawha river, in what is now West Virginia, I first beheld the light of day. My parents were native Virginians and of good old Revolutionary stock. My father, Christopher Columbus Bronaugh was a native of Stafford county, and my mother, whose maiden name was Anne E. Waters, was born near Warrenton. Both localities are among the most historic and interesting in the South and there, during the four years of fratricidal strife, were heard the tread of hostile armies and the roar of battle.

After some years spent in merchandizing at Buffalo, whither he had gone from Stafford county, my father and family removed to Henry county, Missouri, in the early '40's and settled on a farm some eight miles northeast of Clinton. The frame dwelling which he erected there was at that time the most pretentious

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building in all this part of the country and was known to neighbors and travelers, passing to and fro, as the "big white house." The view from it at that early day swept over many miles in all directions, but there was little else to be seen save the tall prairie grass and great stretches of timber along the water-courses. Habitations were few and far between. This old house, still in good state of preservation, sheltered many a weary pilgrim and under its roof was often dispensed to friends the old Virginia hospitality in which both my father and mother were skilled.

The soil was virgin then, the woodlands were dense and dark, and the prairie grass reached to a man's shoulders, wild game was plentiful and the silvery streams abounded in fish. Here my father was engaged in agriculture and stock-raising, when the black cloud of the coming conflict between the states loomed ominously upon the horizon. Naturally enough, being of old Virginia birth and lineage, he and his three brothers—Thomas Jefferson, Addison, and William Y. Bronaugh, who had preceded him to Missouri — and their sons were ardent in their southern sympathy, and the fact that there were twenty-one Bron-

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aughs, from various states, in the Confederate army, eight of whom enlisted in Henry county, is sufficient evidence of their devotion to a cause which they loved and believed to be right.

In August, 1861, I enrolled myself as a member of Company C, which was a part of the regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Owens, of Clinton, Missouri. Our brigade commander was Gen. James S. Rains. I served with this command until after the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., in 1862, when we were ordered east of the Mississippi river. After campaigning for some time around Corinth, we were assigned to the Trans-Mississippi department.

My first meeting with Col. Vard Cockrell, a brother of United States Senator F. M. Cockrell, took place about this time near Van Buren, Arkansas, where he organized a force of eight hundred men and on August 1, 1862, started for Missouri on what was known as the Lone Jack expedition. Thursday night, August 14, we encamped near Dayton, Cass county, Missouri, and on the following day passed through Lone Jack, in Jackson county, and encamped seven miles west of that little village. That night our command moved back

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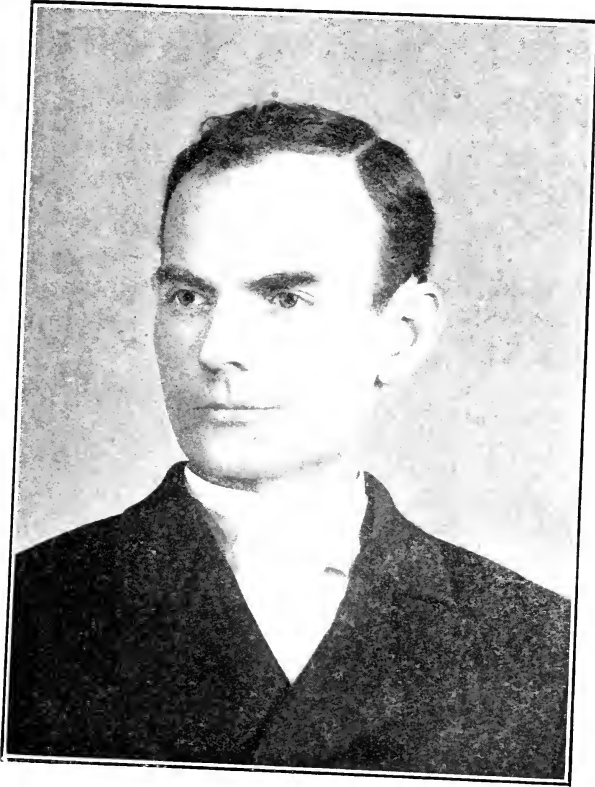
toward Lone Jack, where a large force of Federals under Major Emory S. Foster had arrived and encamped in the town.

The details of this sanguinary engagement—one of the bloodiest of the war, considering the number of combatants engaged—are too familiar to readers of history for reiteration here. The ball opened at daylight and the desperate struggle continued until nearly noon, without a moment's cessation. The hollows and hills and hedges were strewn with the dead and wounded of either side, Federals and Confederates each losing at least half their numbers.

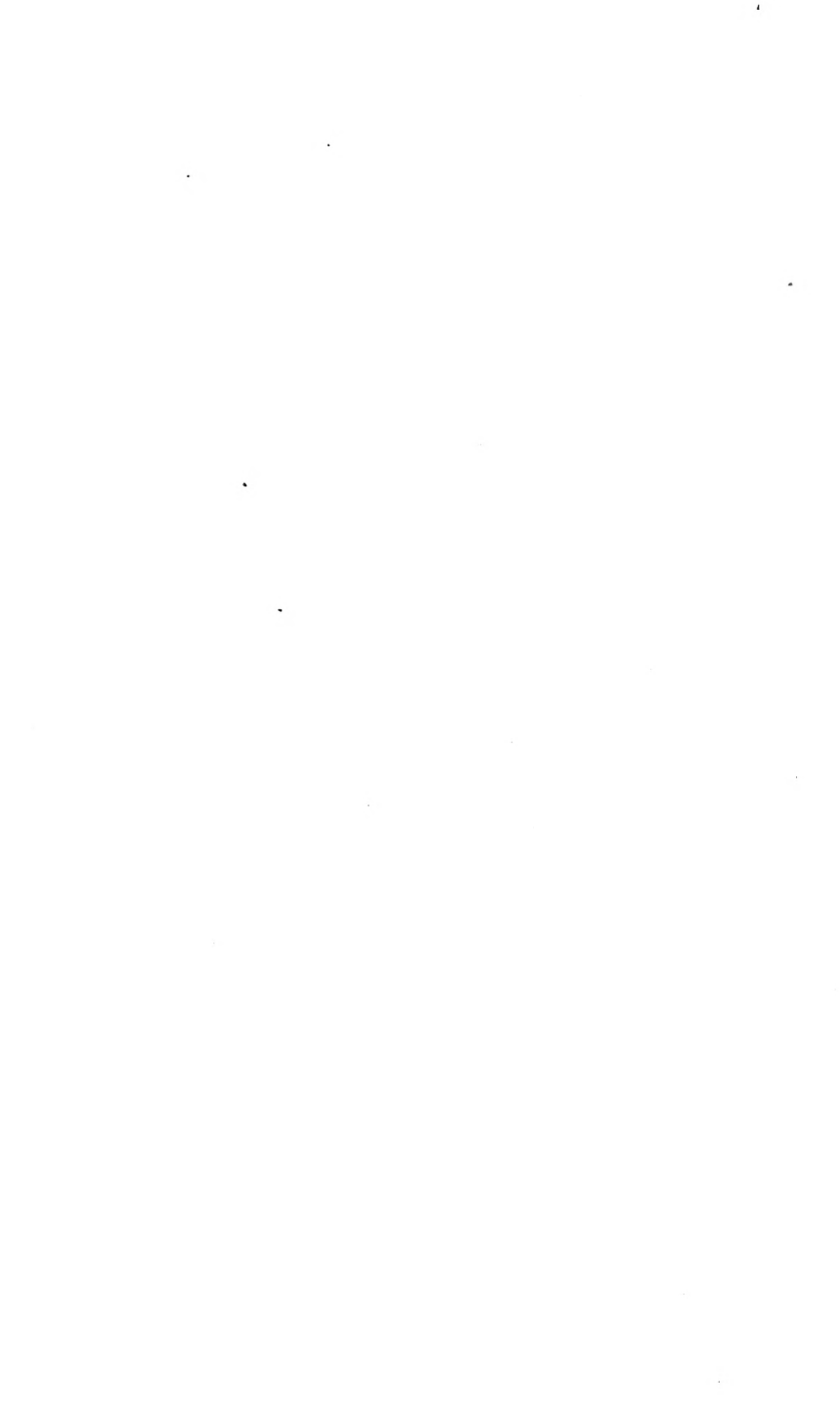
At nightfall Saturday, August 16, after the battle, Colonel Cockrell moved his shattered but victorious little command back to a camping-ground west of Lone Jack. Early the following morning a comrade and I, beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, determined to ride out a few miles and get breakfast. On returning, having been absent three or four hours, we found the camp deserted and learned that Colonel Cockrell had removed his forces toward Lone Jack again on a forced march, having been gone about two hours.

We immediately set out in a swift gallop to





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overtake them. Arriving within a mile of the battlefield of the previous day, we suddenly came upon a group of Confederate pickets, at the left of the road we were traveling. One of these pickets hailed us and we halted. He inquired if we belonged to Cockrell's command, and being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"Colonel Cockrell is on the east side of the town, on the Chapel Hill road, in full retreat, and General Blunt is in Lone Jack with 1500 Jayhawkers and Redlegs from Kansas."

This information was both surprising and alarming to us.

We tarried and talked there nearly an hour with this picket. He was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, stalwart, alert, and intelligent and every inch a soldier. He wore a black slouch hat, dove-colored trousers and a colored shirt. Around his waist, suspended from a glossy black belt, was a brace of fine revolvers. He had tied his horse a little way off, and was afoot while conversing with us.

This youthful Confederate picket, by his splendid military bearing, made a peculiar and powerful impression on me, and also won the gratitude of both my comrade and myself, for.

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undoubtedly, had he not given us timely warning, we should have ridden into Blunt's troops and been captured or killed. Little did I suspect, at that time, the identity of the young soldier whom we had unexpectedly encountered by the roadside, and much less did I dream of the events, personal to ourselves, that awaited us in future years, in a distant state, long after the clouds of war had cleared away. But from the hour I met him, I had never forgotten his face. It was indelibly stamped on my memory and fairly haunted me for weeks and months thereafter.

This alert and entertaining young picket was no other than the now famous Cole Younger, whose name for daring and endurance is known in every state and territory of this union. Then but a beardless boy, he had played a prominent part in the sanguinary battle of the day before and had performed prodigious valor and heroism.

The late Major Emory S. Foster, U. S. A., in recounting incidents that took place on the bloody field of Lone Jack, said that "during the progress of the fight my attention was called to a young Confederate riding up and down in front of their lines distributing ammunition

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to the men. He rode along under the most galling fire. He went the entire length of their long line and when he reached the end at last our boys recognized his gallantry in ringing cheers.

"My brother and I were severely wounded in the fight and we were taken prisoners. After we were put in a cabin a Confederate guerilla came in and threatened to shoot us both. As he stood over us, pistol in hand, the young man we had seen distributing ammunition to the Confederate line rushed in, seized the guerilla and shoved him out of the room. Other men entered and addressed the newcomer as Cole Younger. My brother had \$300; I had \$700. This money and our revolvers Cole took from us at our request and delivered safely to my mother at Warrensburg, Missouri."

In one of his letters to me, during his imprisonment at Stillwater, Cole Younger made reference to the battle of Lone Jack as follows:

"In the last Weekly Republic I saw an account of the battle by Major Foster, who commanded the Federal forces. It is very good, though there are some mistakes. He overrates the number of Confederates, but his account of the fighting is correct. However, he

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mentions parties on the Confederate side that were not in the fight at all.

“Without knowing it he gives me a compliment. Speaking of our side getting out of ammunition, he says that one of the Confederates rode along the whole line within thirty yards of his command, distributing ammunition to the Rebels, while the Federals were all shooting at him, and he got off unhurt.

“Major Foster says ‘he (meaning me) was a good man, but I don’t suppose he knew who he was calling a good man.

“The Yankees gave me a rousing cheer, but I thought they were doing it because they supposed they had killed me as I jumped my horse over a fence.

“When I got around behind a log house, I told them to halloo and be d—d, they hadn’t killed anybody.

“I was the only person on the battlefield on horseback during the fight, except Cockrell, and he stopped under a hill and hitched his horse.

“I ran the gauntlet twice, when Col. Upton Hays told me positively that if I attempted it again he would shoot my horse himself. He then sent me to look for Coffee’s com-

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mand and take them around to the rear of the Federals. When they saw us flanking them they broke ranks and started on the retreat. Coffee and his men were dismounted.

"That man you saw in Howard county, with no arms, and myself were on horseback piloting Coffee and his men and when the Federals started to run we took after them."

Bidding our newly made friend farewell, my companion and I rode westward to Blue Springs and joined Col. Upton Hays' command. I remained in active service thereafter and participated in the battles of Prairie Grove, Helena, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins' Ferry, and many minor engagements in the Trans-Mississippi department, finally surrendering in June, 1865, at Shreveport, Louisiana. Returning to my home in Henry county, which I had left in 1861, I engaged in farming and stock-raising.

## CHAPTER 3.

### A Wedding Trip Northward.

**E**VER since the Centennial year, 1876, when the three Younger brothers, shattered by bullets after the Northfield tragedy, had been landed in the Stillwater penitentiary under life sentences, my sympathy for them had been deep and keen. Being anxious to see them, if possible, and to give them what aid I could, I proposed to my bride that we should make a wedding trip to Minnesota, meaning to add to our matrimonial felicity a mission of mercy to these unfortunate men.

Upon our arrival at St. Paul we registered at the Merchants' Hotel and after a brief stay there I went to Stillwater, twenty-five miles distant. Before leaving the hotel, I stated to Capt. Allen, proprietor, my desire and intention to call on the Youngers, if such arrangement could be made, and requested him to give me a letter of introduction to the warden. Capt. Allen hesitated. He remarked that Mis-



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sourians were regarded with much suspicion in Minnesota. Though the Youngers had already served eight years in prison, the memory of their crime had not in the least faded from the minds of the people of Minnesota and the citizens of that state not unnaturally still cherished resentment toward Missourians, especially those who dared to come so far north and openly express or manifest any feeling of friendship.

After some further persuasion, however, Capt. Allen wrote out and handed me a courteous note of introduction.

Reaching Stillwater, I immediately went to Warden A. J. Reed's office. This gentleman was sitting at his desk when I entered and presented the little document which would likely lead the way to my seeing the boys behind the bars.

Mr. Reed, with whom I was rather favorably impressed at first glance, took the note, opened it and read and reread it, showing considerable surprise and unusual interest.

When he had finished his perusal, so intently and scrupulously made, he looked up at me and remarked:

"My friend, Capt. Allen, states in this note to me that you are from Missouri."

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The peculiar tone of his voice and the penetrating glance of his eyes were not at all reassuring and I instantly felt a blush of additional embarrassment mount to my cheeks. I was not ashamed of grand old Missouri. Far from it. Neither did I apprehend personal insult or bodily harm of any kind. But there I stood, a bashful bridegroom, fresh from the matrimonial altar, very far away from home and friends.

However, I put on a brave, though not arrogant front, and replied:

"Yes, I am from Missouri and am proud of it."

"Well," said the warden, rather stiffly and with sharp emphasis, "we look on all Missourians here with a good deal of suspicion."

To deny that this remark somewhat nettled me would not exactly be confining myself to the truth. It included not only myself, but also a certain little woman who was awaiting my return to St. Paul.

But I kept my composure and concealed my feelings as best I could. I well knew it would be indiscreet to show any signs of irritability or resentment, as that might block right at the threshold my cherished object. I was



COL. H. W. YOUNGER,  
Father of the Younger Brothers.



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painfully aware that I was in the enemy's country and must use all the cool judgment and nice diplomacy at my command.

After making a polite but firm defense of Missourians in general, and setting forth their feelings in reference to the wrong the Youngers had inflicted on the good people of Minnesota, to which Mr. Reed gave respectful attention, he reluctantly called in Deputy-Warden Hall, saying:

"This gentleman," pointing to me, "wants to see the Youngers and says he is from Missouri. You have him bare his arm to the elbow and you closely listen to all he says when in the presence of the prisoners."

With these instructions we entered the corridor of the grim prison. The heavy keys, huge locks, massive bars and the forbidding stone walls and iron ceilings looked as though they were built to withstand the crack of doom itself. It would be hard to describe my feelings as I passed along the corridor, my shirt sleeve rolled up to my elbow.

Across the door of each dark cell was painted the name of the occupant. We first came to the cell occupied by Jim Younger. He stood peering out from the cold bars, through

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which he thrust his hand to give me greeting. From the loss of his upper jaw, caused by a heavy musket ball crashing through it in the final fight where he and his two brothers were captured, his speech was greatly impaired and it was not only with difficulty that he spoke, but it was often hard to understand what he said.

Leaving this cell and passing a few others, we came to Cole Younger, his name prominently painted, as the others were, on the door.

Mr. Hall spoke to Cole and he stepped to the door. The deputy warden said to him:

"Here's a man from Missouri who wishes to see you."

With my right arm still bared, I introduced myself to the noted prisoner and we shook hands through the bars. At my very first glance at him I recognized him as the same person who, under such strange circumstances had hailed me on a public road near Lone Jack, Missouri, on that hot Sunday morning in 1862, and kindly kept me from riding into the ranks of the Kansas Redlegs. The Confederate picket, then but a youth, and the man who now stood behind the bars, with his face fur-

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rowed with care and his body full of wounds, were one and the same—the redoubtable Cole Younger.

I do not know what feelings he experienced at that singular moment. Cole Younger was always impassive and given to little outward demonstration, but for myself memory, retrospection and emotion instantly asserted themselves. I thought of a thousand events that had been crowded into the career of this man between that bloody summer of '62, when we had first met, wearing the same uniform and fighting under the same flag, but unknown to each other; and the present hour, twenty-two years later, I enjoyed the priceless freedom of an American citizen, while he, wearing the garb of a convict, was shut in, nevermore, as far as then could humanly be seen, to enjoy a moment's liberty. The sympathy I had hitherto had for these boys was then and there quickened and deepened. I determined on the spot henceforth to devote my service and efforts to secure their pardon and release.

In the course of our conversation Cole Younger asked if I would be his friend and assist him and his brothers in obtaining a pardon. Having already made up my mind to do this, I there personally made the promise to

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Cole. I accompanied this pledge with a bit of advice: First, that the boys should live; and second, that they should obey to the very letter the prison rules at all times and under all circumstances. Said I:

"If these walls some day should tumble about your heads and the officials and guards therein should perish, you must remain in the ruins and wait for orders."

Just then the prison whistle blew for the noon hour and turning, I saw a man approach the door of Jim Younger's cell and hand to him a little galvanized iron bucket containing liquid food. From the day Jim was shot in the jaw at the time he was captured, no solid food had ever passed his lips.

Upon inquiry I learned that Bob Younger was employed in the workshop of the penitentiary and thither Deputy Warden Hall accompanied me. I was instantly struck with the fine bearing of the beardless boy. He had a noble face and his whole demeanor and appearance denoted the tenderness of youth. His memory and intelligence would have impressed any person, though meeting him but for a few moments. Bob's letters to me written at rather long intervals up to the time of his death in 1889, unmistakably indicated that he



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was studious and was constantly improving intellectually.

Returning to St. Paul, where my wife had remained during my brief absence, I began a kind of canvass of citizens there, my object being to ascertain the drift of sentiment in regard to the Youngers. On the streets, in the hotel lobbies, and in their homes and places of business I conversed freely and frankly on this subject with scores of men in various avocations of life. Without a single exception I met with discouragement. There was not one gleam of hope. Not a favorable word was uttered by these people, many of whom were prominent in society, church, politics and finance. They simply ridiculed the idea I advanced and not a few of them said to me again and again:

“My dear sir, your mission to Minnesota is a very unpopular one.” Others went so far as to tell me that it was not only an unpopular one, but also very unsafe for me, and advised me to take the first train for home.

I must admit that this attitude assumed toward me by these people was anything but pleasant. And yet, in looking back upon it impartially from this distance, it can not be doubted but that the citizens of Minnesota

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had sufficient reason to harbor this resentment. They were clearly conscientious in the matter and perhaps were less revengeful toward the Youngers in particular and Missourians in general than most communities would have been under similar circumstances. Their beloved state had been invaded and some of their people had been shot down by men who still claimed Missouri as their home. Young Heywood, the slain cashier, had always been highly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances, and the fact that he was wantonly murdered while at his post of duty, intensified the feeling of unforgiving hatred. Then, too, the raid was made only eleven years after the close of the Civil War. Sectional hatred and political passions had abated but little. The bloody chasm still yawned between the North and South. There were no rosy links of love then binding together Missouri and Minnesota. Is it not a marvel of magnanimity, therefore, that the lives of the Youngers were spared at all? Had circumstances been reversed, would we Missourians have been as merciful? Would we have been less resentful? Would any other people have shown more forbearance and generosity than those of Minnesota.

## CHAPTER 4.

### In Jackson County.

**A**FTER a sojourn of several weeks in Minnesota, on this my first and rather memorable trip to that state, my wife and I returned to our home in Henry county, Missouri. I had been baffled and bluffed, but not defeated or even wholly discouraged in this initial effort in the far north to obtain a pardon for the Youngers, and I at once set about in my own state, sounding public opinion on the subject. I visited different portions of the state and made this pardon the burden of my conversation. No missionary in a foreign land ever labored harder than I. I also had correspondence with prominent and influential men in other states, and thus kept up an agitation that, in the then distant future, was to have weight in the momentous result.

In the spring of 1885 I became engaged in a correspondence with Mrs. L. W. Twyman, wife of Dr. Twyman and aunt of the Youngers, who resided near Blue Mills, ten miles

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east of Independence, Jackson county, Missouri.

Mrs. Twyman, whose acquaintance led to such important results, because it introduced me, through correspondence, to Governor Marshall, of Minnesota, was born in Jackson county, Missouri, April 20, 1829. Her maiden name was Frances F. Fristoe. Her father, Richard Marshall Fristoe, came to Missouri in 1817, and was one of the first judges in the county court in that county, in which capacity he served many years. He also served three years as a member of the Missouri legislature and made an honorable record.

Miss Fristoe was married to Dr. L. W. Twyman, a practicing physician in Cass county, Missouri, in 1848. As early as 1845 she had become a member of the Baptist Church at Independence, Missouri. She was one of the charter members, and now, in her 77th year, she still retains her connection with that particular congregation.

Cole Younger was most devotedly attached to his aunt, Mrs. Twyman, and through all the dark days of his stormy career, the Fristoes and Twymans remained his faithful friends.

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In her first letter to me Mrs. Twyman requested that I pay her a visit. Accordingly, I made a trip to Independence and there met John H. Taylor, a brother of Fletcher Taylor, who became noted during the war as a member of Quantrell's command. John Taylor and I hired a conveyance and drove to the home of Mrs. Twyman, reaching there about noon. In anticipation of our coming she had prepared one of the finest dinners it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. The table, with its immaculate linen and handsome ware, was literally loaded with a feast fit for the gods, and the charming hospitality of both the hostess and her husband was one of the bright features in my prolonged fight for the freedom of the lady's nephews. This was almost at the beginning of the struggle, and many a dark and dreary year, full of labor, suspense and despair, was ahead of us before the bright day of liberty should dawn.

After we had retired from the dinner table to the sittingroom, Mrs. Twyman went to her desk and took therefrom quite a number of letters she had received from Minnesota in reference to her noted nephews. Among these were letters from Gov. William R. Marshall,

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which she turned over to me for future use. She and the Governor had been in correspondence for nearly a year, for, while Marshall had already become enlisted in the cause of the Youngers' release and had worked to that end in his state, Mrs. Twyman was actively at work in Missouri.

## CHAPTER 5.

### A Meeting at Jefferson City.

**M**ATTERS went on in this way until June, 1886, when I received a letter from Gov. Marshall, requesting me to meet him at Jefferson City, Missouri, at a given date. I promptly complied, and the ex-chief executive of Minnesota and myself met for the first time at the Madison House. There we took breakfast together, and there was begun a friendship which was destined to endure through years of sore trial until the death of the great and good man far away on the Pacific slope.

In the afternoon Gov. Marshall and I paid a visit to Gov. Marmaduke and the other state officials. The chief object of Marshall's visit on this occasion was to acquaint himself with these officials and to gain some insight into the character of the men whom he had been informed favored the pardon of the Youngers. He, himself, made a most happy impression upon the gentlemen, who were charmed with

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his fine manners, and they, in turn, won the admiration of the distinguished visitor from the north. Here, at least, was a glimpse of sunshine and a gleam of hope—a rift in the clouds that yet in the future, were at intervals to grow deeper and darker and heavier.

Before this meeting drew to a close Gov. Marmaduke and his associates in the administration informed Gov. Marshall that they were ready and willing to recommend a pardon to the Youngers at whatever time he should think advisable. The undertaking was a most delicate one and demanded cautious and judicious treatment. To secure desired results it must be approached in just the proper way, without which no progress could be hoped for.

The next morning Gov. Marshall and myself proceeded to Kansas City for the purpose of holding a conference with ex-Governor T. T. Crittenden, Col. L. H. Waters, and other prominent gentlemen, for which I had arranged. The topic was discussed from every point of view, fully, frankly, fairly and intelligently. Crittenden, a Democrat; and Waters, a Republican, who, like Crittenden, had been a distinguished officer in the Federal army during the Civil War, were favorable to a pardon.





MRS. H. W. YOUNGER,  
Mother of the Younger Brothers.



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On Governor Marshall's return home from Missouri, and when his mission to this state had become public, he was most outrageously assailed from nearly every quarter of his commonwealth. Partisans fought him without mercy; politicians traduced him; and the press, metropolitan and provincial, joined in criticising him. Even the pulpit did not spare him. It was declared to him that no man who espoused the cause of the Youngers could ever be elected governor of Minnesota.

## CHAPTER 6.

### Governor Marshall's Defiance.

**G**OVERNOR Marshall was game from spur to plume. Having a clear conscience as to the rectitude of his course and firmly believing in it he stood at bay and hurled back assaults made upon him. One of his most notable defenses of himself was the following communication, which he sent to the St. Paul Pioneer Press and which was printed in that paper July 26, 1886:

“St. Paul, July 25.—To the Editor: There is perhaps occasion for me to say something of my connection with a proposed application, some time in the future, for the pardon of the Younger brothers. Ordinarily, in a matter of this kind—a question of personal duty—it is sufficient for a man to answer to his own conscience. But lest those who seem disposed to concern themselves with my action should be distressed with the fear that I lack reason and honorable considerations for whatever I may have done, or purpose to do, I make this statement.

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"First of all these men are not as black as much falsehood, much prejudice, much misinformation and dime biographers have painted them. Let me give a sample of the abundant misinformation that gives men who ought to weigh evidence gross misconceptions of their characters. Your interviewer reports General Sanborn to have said that while in command in Southwest Missouri he fought the guerilla the atrocities of that warfare. Now I have in my possession the evidence that would satisfy Gen. Sanborn that the elder Younger was not in Missouri at all during the year 1864, the year of Gen. Sanborn's command in Southwest Missouri. The occasion of my getting this evidence is itself a striking illustration of the injustice of popular belief in regard to these men.

"More than a year ago I was talking with a gentlemen of high character in a distant part of the state concerning the Youngers. He said as to Cole Younger he thought no punishment too severe for him. He remembered a horrible case of butchery of Federal prisoners at Centralia, Missouri, in which Cole was engaged, in the fall of 1864. I answered that if Cole Younger had any part in that affair I could

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have no sympathy for him; but I would venture to say, from the knowledge of the man and my estimate of his native character, that he had nothing to do with it. I made diligent inquiry and I have now in my possession a lot of letters from reputable men, covering the period from the fall or early winter of 1863 to the close of the war in 1865, showing conclusively just where Cole Younger was, and that he was not in Missouri at all during this period. He was then a captain in the regular Confederate army in Southern Arkansas, Mississippi, and Texas. I have the evidence of officers and men with whom he served. Early in 1864, at Bonham, Texas, he was ordered by Gen. H. E. McCulloch to go under command of Col. Jackman, in all 72 officers and men, into New Mexico to recruit a regiment for the Confederate service. This expedition left Texas on the 1st of May, 1864. It failed to accomplish the object of raising recruits for the Confederate army, and part of the command, Cole Younger being of the number, went into Arizona and finally into Sonora, Mexico, whence they sailed from the port of Guyamas for San Francisco late in the fall of 1864. Cole Younger remained in California—where he

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had an uncle—until the surrender of Lee's army. I forwarded these letters to my friend, who had connected Cole Younger with the Centralia affair, which was in September 1864, and he admitted that he was mistaken.

"It is just such misrepresentations as these samples of Gen. Sanborn and my friend, which have created the belief that these men are monsters of iniquity. I am assured by those who knew Cole Younger in the regular Confederate army, in Gen. Shelby's brigade of Price's army—part of the time in the division of Gen. Marmaduke, the present governor of Missouri—that he never was guilty of a cruel or unsoldierly act; but that he was an officer of unusual reliability. He was a captain when nineteen years of age. It is not true that either of the Youngers was personally concerned in the killing of Cashier Heywood. That was the act of another of the band, inspired, as a large portion of murderers are, by the bottle. These men have committed crimes enough, without falsely multiplying or exaggerating the offenses. No one claims that they are innocent of undeserving punishment. They themselves do not. It is a question of how deeply guilty they are; of wheth-

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er there is anything in their youthful years and of crimes against them in their father's family that led them into a life of crime that palliates them in their wrong career. Whether there are in these men native elements of good and manly qualities, however latent in the past, which, now awakened by the judgment to which they have been brought, could be relied on in the future to protect them from evil forces. Is it not remarkable that all the men, without exception, with whom they have been brought in contact—Sheriff Barton, and other officers in Rice county, Warden Reed, Deputy Warden Hall, Chaplain Harrington, and others of the state prison and citizens who have become acquainted with them—all believe they are men whose word and whose honor—yes, honor—can be depended on? I have never yet heard a man speak to them, who had any means of knowing them, who would not be willing to trust them. Men are not wholly bad who so impress others who have fair knowledge of character and human nature.

“One little instance which I believe illustrates the true character of these men was related to me by a respected citizen of Rice county, who said it was well authenticated. When the Youngers were wandering in the



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woods west of Northfield, trying to escape their pursuers, one of them badly wounded, they came at night to a lonely cabin at which they dared to apply for something to eat. It was that of a poor Irish woman, a widow, who with the kindness of her race, got such scanty meal as she could. Upon leaving to go out into the darkness to pursue their hopeless flight, she showed them where to ford a stream. Upon parting Cole gave her a gold piece, saying it was the last he had; he wished it was more. A man cannot be hopelessly bad, who in such an extremity of fortune, does such a deed. Two of the brothers could no doubt have made their escape had they been willing to leave their wounded one to his fate. With that devoted affection which characterized them and all their family, the two well men shared the fate in capture and what seemed almost certain death sooner than desert the helpless one.

“If I had any doubt of the good conduct of these men, if pardoned, certainly I should not favor their pardon. I believe I know them. I know their friends in Missouri, who would help them; men of the highest character, who would no more seek their liberation than those

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who so fiercely denounce pardon, if these friends had a doubt of the future right lives of the Youngers. It is a mistake to suppose that the friends of the Youngers in Missouri are men who think lightly of crime, or who would risk endangering society. They are right-minded Christian men and women in the highest walks of life, embracing state officials, ex-governors, members of Congress, of the State Legislature, ministers of the church, lawyers and doctors and business men, of large interest and property responsibility. It argues that there is something extraordinary in the qualities of these Youngers that they command the interest and friendship of such men. It is true that men of unquestioned responsibility have given assurance that bonds in the penalty of one million dollars can be given that the Youngers, if pardoned, will return to Missouri and live open, orderly, useful lives. If I did not from my own knowledge and judgment of these men believe there was good in them I should be strongly persuaded that it was so by the number and character of their devoted friends. Like Byron's Greece—

“‘It were long to tell and sad to trace  
 Their fall from splendor to disgrace—’”  
 (From honesty to crime).



DR. L. W. TWYMAN,  
Uncle of the Youngers.



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"They were of a good family; their father a prosperous and respectable man, their grandfather a judge of the courts. The breaking out of the rebellion was the signal for the renewal of those border troubles between Kansas and Missouri that disgraced the age. Their father was murdered and robbed, their property plundered and their home burned over their heads. These men were then boys—Cole 17, Jim 13, and Bob 7. Four years of war ensued. War in that region was little better on both sides than murder and rapine.

"There was little to choose, as is well known to those acquainted with the facts, between the deeds of the Union men—the Kansas Jayhawkers under Jennison, and the like—and the Southern men under Quantrell. Well might many a Southern man have exclaimed with the victims of the French Revolution:

"'Oh, Liberty (and the Union), what crimes are committed in thy name.'

"Is it any wonder that men—boys—of strong passion, amid such scenes and subject to such outrages, should have the moral sense obscured and should have graduated into crime? Add to these considerations that after the war the elder sought peaceful pursuits, but was not permitted. Or is it any wonder that

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the younger ones, yet boys—for Cole was but twenty-one, Jim seventeen, and Bob eleven at the close of the war—should have shared the fortune of their elder brother? These are the facts that in some degree palliate their career; there can be no excuse or justification. I think great allowance is to be made for youth. The moral sense does not seem to develop with the body; its maturity comes later. My friend, Governor Davis, professes to doubt whether a boy of fifteen is really endowed with a soul. My sense of this want of innate moral guidance of the young led me when Governor to urgently recommend the establishing of a reform school, which has been so beneficent an institution.

“But all these considerations would hardly have led me to favor pardon for the Youngers, if I had not well-established convictions of the practical wisdom of a policy in respect to criminals of charity and mercy. It is my settled belief that severity of punishment of criminals does not promote the best interests of society. When hanging in England a century ago was the punishment for theft and petty crimes it did not deter men from stealing or diminish crime. The tendency of higher civ-

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ilization is to ameliorate the condition of criminals and to diminish punishment. The law of kindness, discreetly applied, I believe more potent for the reformation of wrong-doers and the protection of society than retaliatory punishment. Indeed, no enlightened man now advocates the latter. Our system of administering justice is, at best, crude and mechanical. The sentence for crime of one year, or ten, or life can only be approximately just. The true end of such punishment is the protection of society and the reformation of the offender. The lawmaker and the judge can only guess at what, on a sort of average, will suffice for these ends. It is impossible for a judge or a jury to know the whole character and quality of the criminal that led to the crime.

"I think the pardoning power wisely exists to supplement the machinery of courts and justice. It has existed in all ages and under all governments. My conviction is that, whenever it is possible to know with reasonable certainty that a convict has come to such an awakened moral sense that he can be depended upon to lead an honest life, and that if liberated he would take his place as a law-abiding citizen, then there is no good to any one in continuing his imprisonment. In prison he

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is a burden to society. I grant the difficulty of judging when a prisoner may safely be set free. It is only difficult, not impossible. Justice to the individual and good of society demands at all times that effort be made to know who, under this rule, should be liberated.

“The indeterminate sentence and ticket-of-leave plans, which were so ably discussed and highly commended in the late conference in this city, are in this direction, and would more perfectly attain the end of liberating prisoners when prepared for it, but in the absence in our state of constitutional power or laws to put in practice these methods, there is no way but by pardon to release men that can safely be trusted to assume the duties and obligations of citizenship.

“In the case of the Youngers, believing as I do fully that they could be depended on to make law-abiding men in the future, instead of being a burden to the state as inmates of the prison; could be useful members of society—and of this I am so fully persuaded that if it were admissible I would engage to take their place and serve out their life sentence myself, if they, upon being pardoned, should return to an evil life—I have given assurance to their





MRS. FANNIE TWYMAN,  
Aunt of the Youngers.



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friends in Missouri that whenever they should after ten years service of the Youngers in prison apply for their pardon, I would, so far as my humble influence could go, recommend it. The statistics of prisoners show, I believe, that a fraction over nine years is the average term served by life prisoners. In our state, allowance is made for good conduct, equal to six days in each month. The Youngers have by their unvarying good conduct earned this full allowance. If their life sentence were commuted to twelve years they would go out—with this deduction—at the end of about ten years. I do not expect that what I may say in this matter will in any appreciable degree influence the adverse public opinion of the state. I am not willing by silence to have it thought that any severity of criticism or storm of obliquy can intimidate me from showing my convictions of duty or my purpose to befriend those unfortunate men.

“I should trespass unpardonably on your columns if I noticed many of the extraordinary criticisms and suggestions of some of your contributors. One I will notice. It is the proposition that any candidate for Governor should be pledged in advance of nomination or

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election never to pardon the Younger brothers. No man worthy to be governor of Minnesota would give such a pledge, any more than a judge in advance of a complaint and the testimony would give a pledge as to how he would decide a case in court. Any man wise and just enough to be a governor may well be left to decide any application for pardon when the application is made, and the reasons in support of it are submitted.

"The Great Master taught that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was not the highest morality or wisdom. I yet know no better doctrine than His that if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in Heaven forgive you. I remember that when He pictured the final separation of the good and the bad, to the redeemed He would say, 'I was in prison and ye visited Me,' and when they answered, 'When saw we Thee in prison and visited Thee?' he said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me.' I remember that to the woman taken in the act of adultery He said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'

"I remember that He was crucified between two malefactors, and that to one He said,

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'This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.' I know no higher wisdom in the conduct of men than the application of these precepts and this example."

At my own expense I had twenty-five thousand copies of the above letter printed by T. J. Lingle, then editor of the Clinton, Missouri, Democrat. These were distributed throughout Missouri, Arkansas, and Kentucky, and doubtless favorably influenced to no small extent the public mind in regard to the Youngers.

## CHAPTER 7.

### A Second Defense.

**I**N the St. Paul Pioneer Press, August 13, 1886, there appeared a second letter from Governor Marshall, which reads as follows:

“St. Paul, Aug. 9, 1886.—To the Editor: I have great aversion to troubling you further in the matter of the Youngers, but a feeling that prejudice and injustice are done men who are helpless to defend themselves impels me to speak again in their behalf. The right of a prison convict to have only the truth spoken of him is as sacred as that of the highest man in the land. You published Sunday a review of the purported history of the Youngers from which you reproduce that intrinsically improbable story of the elder one shooting prisoners in a line to see through how many one ball would penetrate. No time or place is named for this Munchausen event; nothing would enable one to verify or disprove this story.

“In our courts a man on trial is secured the right to testify, if he will, in his own behalf, the credibility and weight of the testimony to

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be judged of by the jury. This is the only recourse in the case at hand. I ask, therefore, that you allow Coleman Younger to testify both as to matters charged and as to the authenticity of these so-called histories. I enclose you a letter of his, written some days ago, in answer to one calling his attention to earlier mention of some one in your columns of these biographies, etc. Now as to the credibility of this witness: For ten years the officers of the state prison, men of discernment and intelligence and of large experience with men, and of human nature in its darkest phases, have known the writer of this letter, and have formed a deliberate judgment as to his character for truth or otherwise. Without exception they have believed that his word could be depended on. I would name Warden Reed, the lamented Deputy-Warden, Abe Hall, and Chaplain Harrington among others. I met in St. Paul today a man of high character, well known throughout the state, who for years had been an inspector—one of the governing board—of the prison. He extended his hand saying: 'I want to congratulate you. You are right in regard to the Youngers. They are men who can be trusted,' etc. If it were

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not enough that odium shall attach to only one for speaking in behalf of these men, I could name men wiser and better than I, who share the same belief in the trustworthiness of their word. Let me take occasion to say to your correspondent, Mr. Rankin, who does not believe Col. Van Horn, the Republican ex-member of Congress from Missouri, favors pardon of the Youngers, that he will find in the Governor's office a letter filed a year or two ago recommending their pardon."

On August 1, 1886, Cole Younger sent the following letter to Gov. Marshall, on receipt of the Governor's letter of July 26:

"Stillwater, Minn., Aug. 1, 1886—Hon. William R. Marshall, St. Paul: Your kind favor of July 29 was received with many thanks. I do not take the Pioneer Press and have not seen the interview with Col. Fladd. I understand there are several so-called histories of the James and Younger brothers, but I had nothing to do with them. They are merely a rehash of sensational newspaper stories. I never knew or ever had any interview with anyone engaged in getting up these histories. I have steadily refused all applications for any information in getting them up. As for the



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war, I have said that I was engaged in the bloody warfare on the border of Missouri and Kansas. As you truthfully said in your letter to the Pioneer Press, it was little better on both sides than murder. That is the original cause of my being in prison to-day. In all that time of service in Missouri, I was either a private or subordinate officer, acting under orders. In 1862-63, I was a lieutenant in Captain Jarrette's company, Shelby's brigade of Price's army. All soldiers, whether they wore the blue or the gray, know that they take an oath to obey officers appointed over them, and all good soldiers obey the orders of their superior officers. As for the kind of soldier I made, I leave that to the honorable Federal and Confederate soldiers that I fought against and with, who now live in Missouri. I know that no one will say that he ever knew me to be guilty of any individual act of cruelty to the wounded or prisoners of our foe. I do not believe there is a brave Federal soldier in Minnesota to-day who, if he knew every act of mine during the war, but what would give me the right hand of a soldier's recognition. I was engaged in many bloody battles where it was death or victory. I tried to do my part,

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any true soldier would. All articles, such as referred to, are false when they charge me with shooting unresisting men or wounded prisoners. No man who has respect for the truth will say that I ever ordered the execution of a citizen at any place during the war—at Lawrence or any where else. Not one of my brothers ever soldiered with me a day. As to a story going the rounds that during the war I captured fifteen men, tied them together and tried to shoot through them all, it is false from beginning to end. I never heard of anything like it having been committed during the war, in Missouri, Kansas or anywhere else. I know of no foundation for the falsehood. The whole thing was so absurd that I never supposed any sensible man would believe it. I have always supposed the story was gotten up by some reporter as a burlesque on sensational newspapers.”

## CHAPTER 8.

### A Visit and a Petition.

**I**N THE early autumn of 1886, Gov. Marshall and his son, George, visited Hot Springs, Arkansas, and on their return in October became guests of myself and family at our country home eight miles northeast of Clinton. The elder Marshall remained ten days and the son stayed seven weeks. Gov. Marshall was still anxious to see more of Missourians and was given opportunity to meet many of them at my house, at Clinton, and elsewhere in this section of the state.

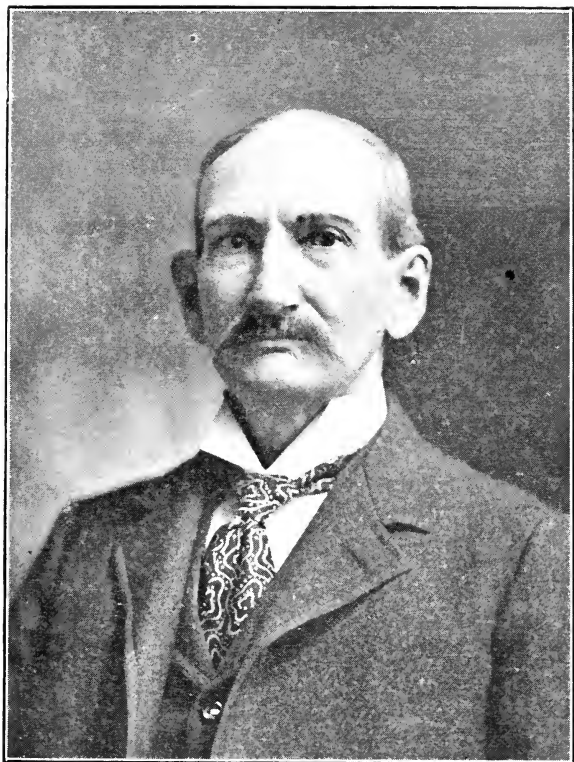
He was a most charming man to entertain, and naturally felt kinship with people of this state, for he was born in Boone county, Missouri, his birthplace being between Columbia and Ashland on the turnpike. He removed to Minnesota before its admission into the Union and followed civil engineering. He early attained prominence and at the outbreak of the Civil War enlisted in the Federal army and rose to the rank of colonel, commanding a Minnesota regiment.

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Soon after the restoration of peace, Col. Marshall received the Republican nomination for Governor of his state and was twice elected, serving four years in all and giving the people an administration that is still remembered as one of the best they have ever had.

George Langford Marshall, the only child of Gov. Marshall, was a handsome and engaging young man, twenty-three years of age at the time he visited at my house. He had been reared in luxury and had been blessed with all the fine opportunities of education and select society.

Soon after his return to St. Paul he made a trip to Europe and remained a year or more in Paris. Returning home, his health began to fail and he and his mother went to Hot Springs, North Carolina. There George met his future wife, the daughter of Colonel Rumbaugh, of North Carolina, who had served with distinction in the southern army. The romantic part of the engagement and marriage lay in the fact that the son of a Federal colonel in the distant north wooed and wedded the daughter of a Confederate colonel in the far south. The young couple returned to St.



FRANK JAMES.



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Paul to make their home, and there I had the pleasure of meeting the accomplished and charming young southern bride.

Soon after this Mr. Marshall made a business trip to Asheville, North Carolina. His health again failed him and he went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. En route home from there he died suddenly on the train.

I continued the pardon agitation throughout the years 1886 and 1887, going from place to place in Missouri and elsewhere, and keeping up correspondence with people whose aid I knew would be valuable. When I met Cole Younger in prison in 1884 he remarked to me that, unless assistance was given and co-operation secured outside of Minnesota the fate of himself and his brothers would surely be sealed and they would never be able to get out. I recognized and appreciated this fact as fully as he did and determined to leave no stone unturned to accomplish the object which had now become almost a passion with me.

In the spring or summer of 1888, during Gov. McGill's administration, I received a telegram from the late Maj. John N. Edwards to come to Kansas City at once, as he had important business for me, which demanded im-

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mediate attention. I lost no time in answering the summons in person. In Kansas City, Maj. Edwards, already enlisted in my enterprise, introduced me to a gentleman named Liberty Hall—a patriotic, if not a peculiar, name for an individual to bear about. It was his real name, however—nothing fictitious about it. Mr. Hall was then residing in Kansas City, was a newspaper man by profession, and being a native of Minnesota and thoroughly acquainted with public men and general conditions there, had volunteered to assist in the liberation scheme, asking only enough money to use for legitimate purposes. Maj. Edwards recommended him as entirely trustworthy. In fact, he at once impressed me favorably and I had little difficulty, together with my friend Edwards, in making satisfactory terms and arrangements for the undertaking. Liberty Hall soon thereafter took his departure for the north and did honest, earnest, and effective work.

It was at this time that Maj. Edwards, who was a master of the English language and whose brilliant and fascinating literary style is still the admiration of many readers, drew up the famous petition to the Hon. William R.



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Merriam, then governor of Minnesota. This petition, phrased in Edwards' most convincing and captivating rhetoric, set forth ten separate and distinct reasons why the Youngers should be pardoned, and was intended, before being sent to Gov. Merriam to be signed by as many members of the General Assembly of Missouri as could be induced to do so.

## CHAPTER 9.

### The John N. Edwards Petition.

“WE, THE undersigned members of the General Assembly of Missouri, most respectfully ask at your hand the pardon of Cole, James, and Bob Younger, now confined in the Stillwater Prison, and for the following reasons:

“Because they have been in prison for more than thirteen years.

“Because during this entire period their behavior has been so excellent as to win not alone the respect, but perfect confidence of the prison authorities.

“Every intention of the law has been fulfilled, in this, that the punishment for the violation of it has been ample and complete.

“If restored again to freedom, almost the entire population of this state would stand security as a mass to their becoming law-abiding, peaceful, upright and worthy citizens.

“Because their downfall and departure from the path of rectitude was unquestionably the

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direct result of the unfavorable conditions surrounding them during and following the late Civil War.

"Whatever may have been said to the contrary, the men were brave and honorable soldiers in battle, and merciful in victory.

"Because these men have served twice the length of time allotted the life prisoners committed to prison on life sentences—less than ten years being the average time.

"Because we are informed that every warden under whom they have served has learned from close contact with them to trust them and to place them in positions of responsibility, and have advised that, if liberated, they would become good, honorable and useful citizens.

"Because they are now old men, and we believe the spirit of Christian charity and mercy suggests that they should be permitted to spend their few remaining days among their friends and relatives, many of whom are ready and willing to furnish them constant employment, by reason of which they may and will be self-supporting and independent.

"Because it is a recognized principle of penology that the object of all punishment is

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to reform the punished, and when this reformation has been accomplished, to longer continue the punishment is of no benefit, but is turning the arm of the law into an instrument of torture to satiate revenge.

“Your petitioners are of all political faiths, and are of either military service. We simply come to you as one united whole, asking this pardon in the name of mercy and humanity, ever praying your help, happiness, and long continued prosperity.”

## CHAPTER 10.

### The First Effort.

ONE day, in the year 1889, I received word from Captain Stephen C. Reagan, at Kansas City, that Hon. Waller Young, of St. Joseph, representative from the county of Buchanan, who had been circulating the above petition and who had secured six or seven names of legislators to it, had been taken ill and was unable to continue the work. I was urged to hasten to Jefferson City and take charge of the petition. I left on the first train and began the task immediately upon my arrival there.

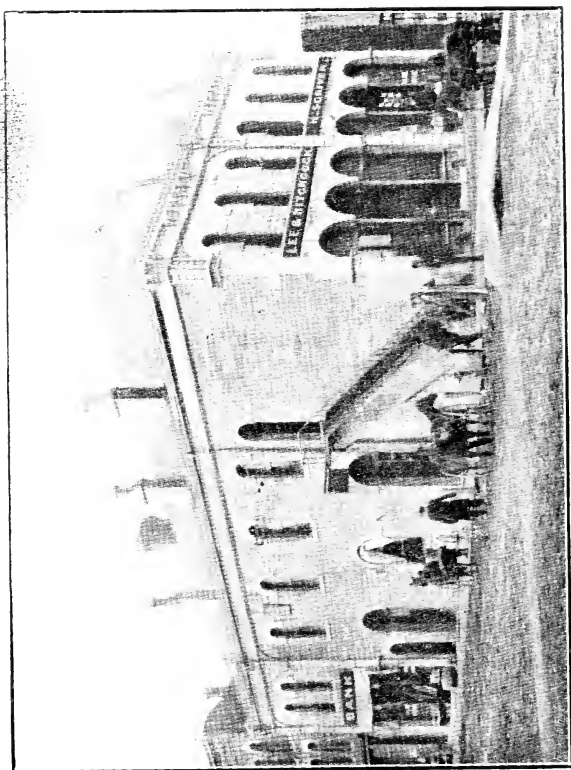
“Task” is hardly a strong enough word to designate the enterprise I had in hand. If any person thinks he can go to Jefferson City during a session of the legislature, and succeed with a petition in a few days and with ease, he is grievously mistaken. An ordinary undertaking of this kind involves much trouble, time and toil. Overwhelmingly was this the truth in the present instance. The favor I

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asked was of an extraordinary character. Nothing of its kind or importance had ever been presented to the State's lawmakers. They represented various shades of political affiliation and opinion. Often it was with difficulty that I could have even a word with a member. He was busy at something else. He had to look after some particular and pressing interest of his importunate constituents to the exclusion of everything else. Other members had to be coaxed and flattered and argued with. And so it went on until five weeks had passed away and I was thoroughly worn and wearied.

But I had gained a victory. I succeeded in getting the signature of nearly every member of the House and I also got twenty-eight out of the thirty-four Senators. Moreover, I was given letters from every state official, with the exception of Gov. D. R. Francis, who declined to grant me that favor.

In this campaign of 1889 I had not only the Edwards petition, and letters from Missouri officials, but exceedingly strong letters also from many of the leading men of Minnesota. These men, in nearly every instance, enjoyed state reputations, and not a few of them were known throughout the United States as hold-



BANK AT NORTHFIELD.





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ing or having held positions of importance or as having accomplished something out of the ordinary in journalism, in the law, in literature or in legislative affairs.

Among the most prominent of them may be named the late Honorable Ignatius Donnelly, who had been a member of Congress from Minnesota, who had been a great political factor, not only in his own state, but in the nation, and who had gained widespread fame as a Shakespearean controversialist and as the author of a number of novels, mostly of a political character. His books entitled, "Bricks Without Straw," and "A Fool's Errand," had a tremendous sale some twenty years ago, and his claim that the works attributed to Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon, caused a sensation not only in the United States, but in England and Europe.

Mr. Donnelly furnished the following letter:

"St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1889.

"I remember an incident which occurred when the Northfield robbers were seeking to escape from this state. In the woods, not far from Mankato, they were encountered by a citizen—a German, I think—who was looking for

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his cattle. The fugitives perceived that he recognized them. The two associates of the Youngers, who afterwards escaped from the state, proposed that, for their own safety, they should kill the man. To this the Youngers strenuously objected. It was then suggested that he be gagged and tied to a tree in the depths of the forest and left there. The Youngers replied that this would be more cruel than to kill him outright, as he might starve to death before he was discovered by those who might save him. Upon this question the Youngers quarreled with their two associates in crime and separated. The Youngers gave the man his life, but swore him not to reveal the fact that he had met them. He did not keep his oath. I always thought there was something heroic in this action of these fugitives from justice, at a time when the woods swarmed with their pursuers. They were ready to risk their own lives rather than take the life of that stranger. It manifested a noble humanity when every circumstance of their desperate situation incited them to cruelty and bloodshed. Now, I am told the youngest of these brothers, then a mere boy in years, lies at the point of death. It seems to me that you

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can now justly remember that act of humanity performed years ago in the woods of Blue Earth county, and permit this poor criminal to die outside the shadow of the penitentiary, and in the midst of those who love him. I believe that such an exercise of your executive clemency will be justified by every humane heart in the state."

Another gentleman of national eminence, who assisted me, was the late General Henry H. Sibley, of St. Paul. He had played a conspicuous part in the early days of Minnesota history. He had been a Territorial Governor, in which capacity he had had much to do with the various tribes of Indians in that section; had assisted in the formation of the State of Minnesota, and had been honored by being elected its first governor. He had also served with much distinction in the United States Senate from that state.

The incident attending the occasion when I secured his letter, recommending clemency for the Youngers, was rather interesting. Gov. Marshall had kindly given me a note of introduction to him, and I hastened to call on the venerable soldier and statesman at his elegant home in St. Paul. Gen. Sibley was then an in-

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valid and confined to his bed. He received me most cordially. He presented a striking figure as he lay on his bed—a tall, spare man, grizzled and gray from over a half-century of service for his state and country.

Propped up on the pillow he called to his maidservant to bring him writing material, and on a pad of paper he penned the following letter, which had great weight in the final result:

“St. Paul, Minn., July 8, 1889.

“I feel it to be my duty to join in the appeal for pardon to the three convicts known as the Younger brothers, who have been incarcerated in the state prison at Stillwater for the past thirteen years. In so doing, I depart from the rule which has governed me, not to interfere with the course of justice, except under very exceptional circumstances.

“Believing the ends of justice to have been fully answered by the long and severe punishment inflicted upon the convicts mentioned, and taking into consideration the excellent record made by them during their confinement, I am persuaded that their release from further punishment would be favorably regarded by a majority of the people of the state,

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as an exercise of that comity toward a sister state which has appealed to your Excellency, through many of her high officials and other representative citizens, to pardon these young men and restore them to their friends, guaranteeing that in such event, they will prove to be law-abiding citizens.

"Minnesota has shown her power to punish malefactors, let her now manifest her magnanimity, by opening the prison doors to the men who have so long suffered for a violation of her laws, and bid them 'go and sin no more.' "

Before I left Gen. Sibley's residence a delegation of Sioux Indians called on him to pay their respects and have a conference with him. The General had always been held in great esteem and veneration by the Red men of the Northwest.

In discussing the Youngers' pardon one day, Gov. Marshall overheard John C. Wise, a distinguished editor and citizen of Mankato, Minnesota, express himself as favorable to executive clemency toward the boys, and at my request the Governor gave me a line of introduction to the gentleman. I went to Mankato, which is situated in Blue Earth county, and

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which is historic as the place where Little Crow and thirty-five other Indians were legally executed for participation in the great Indian uprising and massacre of white settlers in Minnesota in 1863. Mankato is a point, also, through which the Youngers passed in their flight from Northfield in 1876, and near which they captured a German. A consultation was held among the bandits as to whether he should be killed to prevent him from giving information as to the route the fugitives were taking. This led to a quarrel and separation between the Youngers and their two associates, the former protesting against such cruelty. The German was released, broke his oath to keep silence, and hastened to Mankato with valuable news for the pursuing party.

Mr. Wise cheerfully gave me the following letter:

“Mankato, Minn., July 12, 1889.

“Believing that the ends of justice have been well satisfied and vindicated by the long imprisonment of the Younger brothers, I desire to join in the petition for their pardon. I was a resident of this city at the time of the Northfield raid, and the pursuit and capture of the Younger boys, and I am well satisfied were

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they the blood-thirsty men represented there were many opportunities during their pursuit when they could have killed or wounded their pursuers, but it was not done. One instance I remember when they captured a German farm laborer in this vicinity and sought to get information about the road. The man could not give it, and they were somewhat perplexed as to what to do with him, fearing that if he was released he might give their pursuers information that would lead to their capture. Some one of the party proposed that they should kill him, but Coleman Younger interposed a strenuous objection, insisted that the man should not be harmed, and largely through his efforts he was released unharmed and returned to his family. If, however, in your judgment, you are not fully convinced of pardoning the three at this time, in view of the severe and fatal illness of Bob Younger, every dictate of humanity pleads that clemency may be extended to him, and that he may be permitted to return to his relatives and friends for the care and attention that they alone can bestow."

David Day was postmaster at St. Paul, having served a term under President Cleve-

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land's first administration, but was just in the act of vacating the office and turning it over to his Republican successor, William Lee, when I first met both of them in the Federal building and obtained the following letter and endorsement:

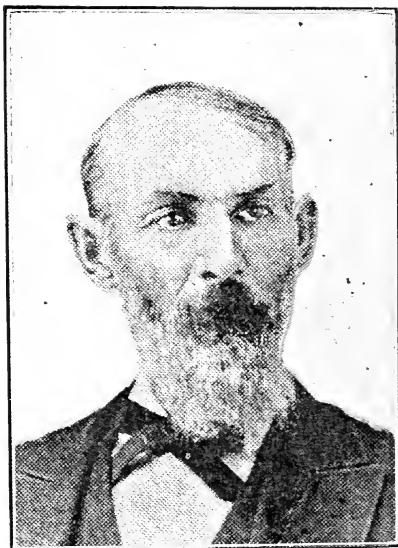
“St. Paul, Minn., July 2, 1889.

“At the time of the incarceration of the Younger brothers in the state prison at Stillwater, I was an officer of that institution, and necessarily became acquainted with them, and have since that time inquired diligently into their history, and the circumstances connected with the crime committed by them and their confederates at Northfield.

“The result of these inquiries is to convince me at this time, the ends of justice have been accomplished upon them, in the wounds they have received in their capture, and their imprisonment, and that to detain them longer in confinement is simply wreaking vengeance upon men who have been peculiarly unfortunate in their lives from circumstances over which they have never had control.

“I am absolutely certain that if they are restored to liberty they will hereafter make good citizens, and live a life of quiet usefulness.





W. W. MURPHY,  
Sheriff Who Captured the Youngers.



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Their case is one of the last remaining reminders of the late war between the states and it seems to me that it is a great privilege to you, as the Governor of Minnesota to make this contribution to the settlement of one of the most lamentable phases that that struggle left to the American people, by granting them the pardon the law invested you with.

"Should you desire, I should be pleased to give you in detail the reasons why I think that in their case the ends of justice have been accomplished and that they are now entitled to that mercy which the law invests in the executive of our state. Doubtless they have grievously sinned, but they have grievously suffered for it, and are entitled to that mercy that we all hope to receive for our transgressions.

"I am now glad to be counted, as one who publicly advocates, and desires to be known as an advocate of the pardon of the Younger brothers."

Mr. Lee added the following: "I fully endorse the views expressed by Dr. Day in the above letter."

The Honorable D. M. Sabin, former United States Senator from Minnesota, wrote as follows:

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"My observation of the conduct of the Younger brothers during their confinement the last thirteen years leads me to the conclusion that the ends of justice in their case have been fully met, and their further confinement can in no way benefit the public generally, either in this state or elsewhere.

"I have no hesitancy in placing myself on record in recommending unqualifiedly their pardon, and sincerely trust your Excellency may see your way clear to grant their prayer."

Honorable Horace W. Pratt, of Minneapolis, ex-president of the State Agricultural Society, was an ardent friend and admirer of Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, and had made trips with him to the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Pratt wrote as follows:

"I desire to add my testimony to what I believe to be a growing sentiment of the people of this state. That in the case of the Younger brothers the law has been vindicated and that mercy should now actuate you in considering their application for the exercise of the pardoning power on your part. I think that such pardon would be received by the people as a just and merciful act, and I most earnestly ask that you pardon them. Thirteen years of most

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exemplary prison conduct should bear its reward. I sincerely hope that you will see your way to do this act of mercy."

B. G. Yates, one of the captors of the Younger brothers, and who is given credit for having shot Jim Younger through the jaw in the final fight, was one of my most enthusiastic and influential supporters for pardon, and wrote as follows to the Governor:

"Perhaps I ought to beg pardon in advance for a second time addressing you on this subject, but my deep interest in the matter and a feeling after a visit to the prison, that I have not done all that I might do to secure the release of Bob Younger, at least, is my excuse.

"It is usual, I believe, to grant some days of grace for good behavior to the worst criminals and set them free before their sentence is fully expired. This, it would seem, is all that can be done now for this man, Robert. I am well aware of the unreasoning prejudice in some quarters against clemency for these men, but is it not a fact that they are now in prison because of crimes that, rumor has it, they committed in other states and in other times of which they are probably innocent? At least these things have never been proved against

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them, and I envy not the man whose heart is so calloused to all the better instincts of humanity, who would begrudge Bob Younger the few days of his life probably left to him. And believe, Mr. Governor, while I went out with horse, guns, and clerks—closing my place of business—after these men, none of us having the slightest intention of bringing them in alive, I would now rather take a pardon from Your Excellency to them, especially to Bob, than to have a present of one thousand dollars.”

Capt. W. W. Murphy, of Watonwan county, Minnesota, took a prominent part in the capture of the Youngers, and ever afterwards their firm friend. He wrote:

“I venture to address you with regard to a pardon for the Younger brothers, now confined at Stillwater. I was one of those who took part in their arrest at this place (Madelia) and probably did as much towards accomplishing that result as any other one. I now feel and believe that the demands of justice have been satisfied, in their case, and that if now made free men they would lead commendable lives in the future. I do ask and sincerely

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hope that you will extend executive clemency to them, and allow them to return to their homes, friends, and kindred."

George A. Bradford, of Madelia, Minnesota, a captor of the Youngers, made the following appeal to the Governor:

"I have the honor to address you in regard to the Younger brothers, now serving life sentence in the Stillwater prison.

"Having participated in the capture of these men, I take the liberty to ask you, in consideration of their extremely good behavior and seeming desire to reform and live better lives, to give them a full pardon."

## CHAPTER 11.

### Northward Again.

**A**RMED with the most of these documents I went to Kansas City and from there to St. Paul about the middle of June, 1889, accompanied by Col. E. F. Rogers, a distinguished Union veteran of the Civil War, and Capt. Stephen C. Reagan, a prominent Confederate veteran. Both of these gentlemen were residents of Kansas City and, though of opposite political faiths, in full sympathy with the mission on which we set out.

Col. Rogers was born in Shelby county, Kentucky, in 1830. He removed with his parents to Hendricks county, Indiana, in 1836, where he received a common school education. In 1857 he removed to Bates county, Missouri. Col. Rogers says:

“I was a Republican, hence had no political friends there. In 1860, after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, the cry of ‘War! War!’ was heard in the front and in the rear, on the left and on the right. I was



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against a conflict between my own people, and believed the ties binding Christians together, and the fraternal feeling with Masons, were too strong to permit of war between neighbors, but on April 12, 1861, the signal gun at Fort Sumter was fired and resounded to the uttermost parts of the earth.

“Being a descendant of a military ancestry and knowing I had always been protected by the United States government, that had been attacked, I at once chose the side of Washington, Jackson, Douglas, Lincoln, Grant and the innumerable host standing between danger and the Stars and Stripes.”

Col. Rogers remained with the Federal army, as an officer, from June 27, 1861, until after the bloody battle of Lone Jack, Missouri, August 16, 1862. There he was shot squarely through the breast and permanently disabled. He lay in the same room with Maj. Foster and brother, both of whom were desperately wounded, and declares that his life was saved by Cole Younger.

In 1863 Col. Rogers moved to Kansas City. The following year he was elected president of the Common Council there, and in 1867 was appointed United States assessor. He was com-

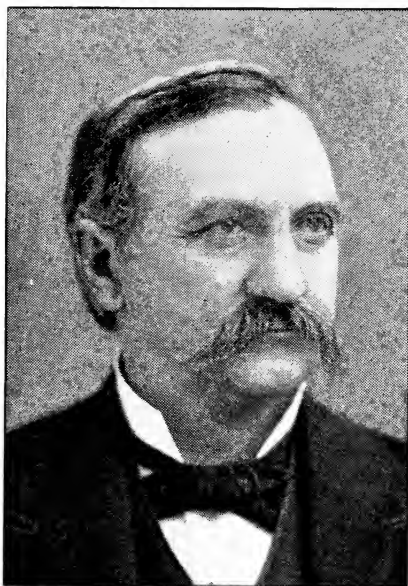
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pelled to resign the assessorship in 1869 on account of ill health.

The Younger family were well known by Col. Rogers before the war. In speaking of Cole he says: "Not a blot stained his character. His father was the highest type of a genuine good man, and was most respected by those who knew him best."

Col. Rogers relates the following war reminiscence:

"During the winter of 1860-61, my regiment was stationed at Harrisonville, Missouri, and some time during that winter one of the citizens gave a ball. Cole and a Captain Walley of our regiment attended the dance. This Captain Walley engaged the company of a young lady to dance with him during the evening. When he went to her for the next dance she told him she had decided to take Mr. Younger for that particular dance. Capt. Walley was greatly enraged. He went to Cole and said, 'I'll make no disturbance here, Mr. Younger, but I'll kill you the first opportunity I get.' Now we all knew that the captain was a vicious man and not afraid of blood. Younger felt that there was but one course left for his safety, to leave home. Taking that step led to others.



IRA BARTON,  
Sheriff of Rice County, Minnesota, who took charge  
of the Youngers after their capture.



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“But he never lost the courage and manly principles of a gentleman. For I heard him raise his voice against insults by cowardly Confederates to our wounded at Lone Jack, Missouri, and declare that he would protect the Union soldiers against insult at the cost of his life.”

This was the same Capt. Walley who soon afterwards murdered Cole's father, H. W. Younger. Retaliation for the murder was the first of the son's desperate exploits.

Arriving at St. Paul, we promptly called upon Gov. Marshall, who had been apprised of our coming. At the conclusion of our visit to him, we proceeded to Stillwater and were granted an interview with the Youngers. They suggested that we again confer with Marshall, and we did so the next day. At this meeting that gentleman advised us to go, first, to Faribault, the county seat of Rice county, in which also Northfield, the scene of the raid and tragedy of 1876, is situated. Faribault is about fifty miles southwest of St. Paul and is the home of Judge Mott, a leading citizen and jurist, to whom we carried a letter of introduction from Gov. Marshall.

Calling at his residence, Judge Mott met us

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at the door and invited us in. He was a tall, slim man, with courtly manners and a benevolent countenance. Upon presentation, he opened and read our credentials and heartily shook hands with us the second time. We three Missourians felt that we had found another friend worthy of our confidence and admiration.

"This letter," said the genial judge, when he had perused its contents, "reminds me of the fact that I haven't kept good faith with my wife." The speaker paused a moment, and Reagan, Rogers and I wondered what he meant by that rather irrelevant remark.

Then Judge Mott continued: "During the three months of the Younger brothers' trial and imprisonment in the county jail at Faribault our people, strangely enough, became attached to them. The conduct of the prisoners was so excellent, their manners were so pleasant, and their intelligence so marked that they easily won over to themselves many persons who had been their bitter enemies and who had clamored for revenge. On returning home, after the Youngers had been convicted and life sentences had been passed upon them, my wife asked me the result of the trial. I told her, and

*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

also added that it was my purpose to use my influence toward having them released. And now, to know that, after thirteen long years, I have not kept my promise."

While in Faribault our party stopped at the Brunswick Hotel, and Judge Mott told us that he would arrange for twenty-five of the leading citizens of his home town to call on us the following morning. They did so, and we left there that day with twenty-three letters recommending the pardon of the Youngers.

Amongst these letters was the following, dated at Faribault, Minnesota, June 22, written by Judge Mott, and addressed to Gov. Marshall.

"My wife reminded me last night of an incident I had forgotten, i. e., when I came home from court in 1876 and told her of the sentences of the Younger boys, I remarked, 'If they continue to behave for ten years as well as they have here in jail and during their arraignment and sentence, I pledge myself to join a movement for their release.'

"I now trust that Gov. Merriam may see his way clear to send them all home rejoicing, to their friends, after these weary years to them. The clamor that their pardon might evoke

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can only emanate from a spirit of revenge, unworthy of our civilization. We have vindicated the power and majesty of the law, let us now manifest its mercy; for executive clemency, in all deserving and proper cases, is as much a part of the machinery of law as the indictment, the verdict of the jury, or the sentence of the court; and is it not the crowning glory of all to say, 'Go and sin no more?'

"It does not seem that our Governor can hesitate to send poor Robert home at once, to die among his friends. If you think my opinion of any value, you are at liberty to show this letter to Gov. Merriam, who, I know, has nerve enough to stand the nine days' howl that might follow a pardon.

"I have met with great pleasure Col. Rogers, Reagan and Bronaugh, from Kansas City—they are true gentlemen, every one."



## CHAPTER 12.

### Three Kinds of People.

**A**FTER our visit to Faribault we decided to make a vigorous canvass, lasting three or four weeks, soliciting letters in other parts of Minnesota. Northfield was left severely alone, for we thought it useless to make any attempt in that quarter, though in after years sentiment changed there considerably.

In this canvass we had many experiences, both amusing and exasperating. Hundreds of citizens seemed to regard us as meddlesome intruders and fit subjects for a lunatic asylum, or a cell under the same roof with the "rough riders" of Stillwater. We did not resent this feeling. It was but natural. We understood full well the unpopularity of our mission, even though it were one of mercy. Minnesota men and women are but human. They had cause for grievance and revenge. The wrong that had been done them rankled deep in their hearts. It would have done the same in ours. However, we obtained, on this tour,

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a hundred and sixty-three letters favoring a pardon.

In the course of our Minneapolis canvass, we called at the office of George A. Pillsbury, whose fame as a miller, a multimillionaire, and a philanthropist was national, to say the least. Upon entering we stated that we were upon a mission of mercy. Instantly and rather abruptly Mr. Pillsbury remarked: "I have no money for you, but you can have anything else you desire." It was not uncommon for people to call on the great miller seeking financial aid for church and charitable enterprises, to which he usually gave with a liberal hand, and he mistakenly sized us up as some delegation in search of money. He was reported to have given twenty thousand dollars annually to Baptist missions. We told him we had not come for money, but to secure, if possible, a letter of recommendation from him for the pardon of the Youngers.

This was like touching a match to a keg of powder. Mr. Pillsbury flew into an uncontrollable passion and paced the floor, hurling anathemas upon the Youngers and not even sparing their friends and sympathizers.

"Me write a letter to the Governor, asking

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him to pardon the Youngers!" he exclaimed. "Why, I would head a mob to hang them! They deserve it! Never, never, will I lend my aid to liberate them!"

This intemperate talk was continued for several minutes and we Missourians felt badly embarrassed.

The singular part of it was the fact that Col. Rogers had presented to Mr. Pillsbury a very polite note of introduction from a prominent Baptist minister in Kansas City, who had formerly been the millionaire's pastor. Pillsbury, himself, was a strict member and supporter of that denomination.

At the first opportunity Col. Rogers reminded Mr. Pillsbury of his ungenerous and extravagant utterances. How unreasonable, how un-Christianlike it was to harbor such revengeful feelings against even the humblest of God's creatures! And then Col. Rogers, with wonderful adroitness, quoted from memory passage after passage of Scripture, showing the inconsistency of Mr. Pillsbury's attitude and sentiments as a brother Baptist.

The famous millionaire was deeply affected. The shafts from the Missourian's Biblical arsenal had pierced his armor. He did not

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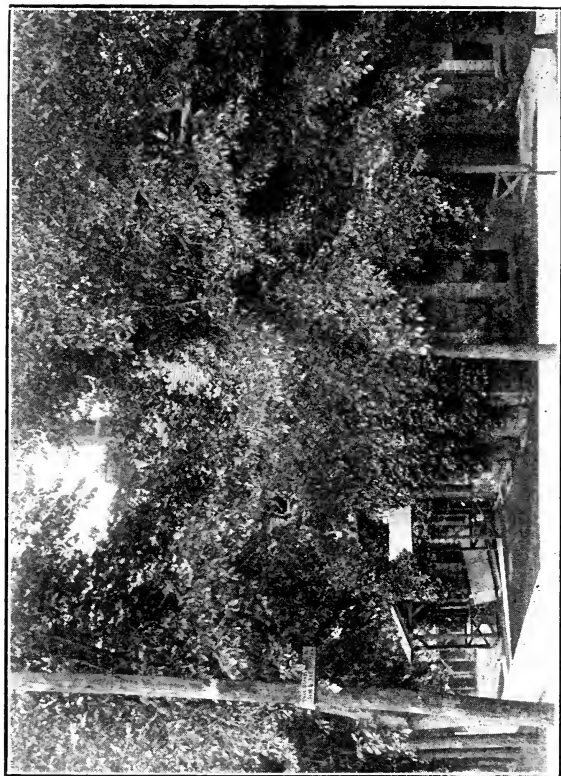
wholly surrender, but was well-nigh conquered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg your pardon, I was perhaps too hasty in my utterances, and I regret it. I will assure you that, while I can not consistently give you a letter recommending the pardon of the Youngers, I shall never again raise my voice to oppose it."

From the Pillsbury office, Messrs. Rogers, Reagan, and myself proceeded to the residence of Senator Washburn. He was one of the most famous men in Minnesota and had a national reputation as a leader in the Republican party. He was what is politically termed a "wheel-horse" or a "war-horse."

At the moment we were ushered into the sitting-room of his elegant mansion by a maid-servant, the Senator was entertaining a party of friends to dinner. We could see them seated at a brilliant and sumptuous table in the dining-room, some considerable distance from ourselves.

When the pompous old senator came into the room, where we were waiting, he coldly clasped hands with Col. Rogers, who, in as short a sentence as possible, made known the object of our visit.



FARIBAULT (MINNESOTA) JAIL,  
Where Youngers Were Imprisoned.



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Washburn then caught him by the arm and stepped with him toward the front door, hardly deigning to notice Reagan and myself, who followed after. Reaching the door the old senator said to us in a most insolent manner: "When you have business with me, call at my office. I don't receive men here on business." As Washburn turned to re-enter the door, Col. Rogers, a scarred veteran of bloody battles for the Union, and every inch a gentleman, resented the insult in language not to be forgotten by Washburn.

"Senator," said Rogers, with withering scorn, "we pass better men than you on the streets of Kansas City every day and don't speak to them."

I regret to make mention of this matter at all, and only do it to show how utterly boorish some people can be, though they occupy exalted position in public life and society. Had we been a party of outlaws ourselves, with knives and pistols strapped at our girdles, it is doubtful whether our reception by the insulting old Senator could have been more disagreeable, not to say hostile. But I am happy in the assurance that all Minnesota people are not like him.

*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

As I have stated above, our little party, in making this epistolary campaign, had a variety of experiences, some of them of a pleasant nature, while others were embarrassing and humiliating.

I shall never forget the cordial and generous manner in which one of Minnesota's greatest and most lamented men received and treated us, in striking contrast to the boorish, if not brutal, reception accorded us by Washburn. The gentleman to whom I refer was the late United States Senator Cushman K. Davis.

As we approached his handsome residence we saw him sitting on his front porch, enjoying a cigar. We were still somewhat flurried by our recent unhappy experience, especially with Washburn, and I must confess to our timidity and trepidation.

Mr. Davis was one of the most distinguished men in the United States and a national figure in Republican politics. We were utter strangers to him and had no idea of his sentiments and views on the subject so dear to us. Our visit to him might turn out to be as unwelcome as it was to Washburn. However, it occurred to us that he could not very well overreach the rudeness of the old war-horse.



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The moment Senator Davis espied us he came forward and met us at least half way down the walk leading from the porch. Upon making ourselves known to him, he cordially shook hands with us and invited us to seats under the trees, the weather being quite warm. Stepping into the house, he returned with a box of fine cigars, which he passed around. He then ordered a pitcher of delicious lemonade. All this was done in the most gracious manner possible and put us entirely at our ease. Mr. Davis suggested that his wife would be pleased to meet us, and she soon joined the party for a few minutes in the yard. She was most delightful in her manner and conversation.

But there was yet to come the trying moment with Mr. Davis when we should make known to him our business.

Much to our relief, however, when we had stated our mission to him he immediately replied that he had been giving the subject considerable thought and had arrived at the conclusion that clemency should be extended to the Youngers. "I feel disposed, gentlemen," said he, "to grant your request," and when a little later we bade him goodbye, we carried

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away with us an autograph letter, couched in strong terms, recommending a pardon.

When Senator Davis died but a comparatively short time ago, Minnesota lost one of her grandest and noblest men, and one who was an honor to all Americans. He combined the gifts and qualities of a brilliant orator, student, and a broad-gauged statesman. He was true to every trust reposed in him, whether of small significance or large import. His modesty, simplicity, and sincerity were among his most charming traits of character.

Green be the turf above the last resting place of Cushman Kellogg Davis.

## CHAPTER 13.

### Merriam's Refusal.

With these additional documents we set out for a conference with Gov. William R. Merriam, to whom our letters and petitions were to be formally presented. The personnel of the party was as follows :

Gov. William R. Marshall, ex-Warden A. J. Reed, who had had charge of the Youngers the first ten years of their incarceration ; ex-Sheriff Ira Barton, of Rice county ; Col. F. E. Rogers and Capt. S. C. Reagan, of Kansas City, Missouri ; Mrs. L. W. Twyman, of Jackson county, Missouri, an aunt of the boys ; their sister, Miss Retta Younger, and myself. This was rather an imposing array and there seemed to be some hope that gratifying results would be our reward.

Gov. Merriam, with whom due appointment had been made, received us courteously and cordially at the executive mansion. Capt. Reagan, a cultured gentleman and fluent talker, was assigned to make the speech presenting the documents. Capt. Reagan was at his best

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and his effort was creditable alike to himself and to the occasion. Then the remaining members of the delegation spoke in rotation, Miss Younger being the last to make an appeal. There was nothing affected or theatrical in this. Every word welled up from the depths of her soul, her voice trembled with emotion and tears stood in her eyes. She appealed to the Governor, who sat in his chair, stolidly, but paying close attention, that if he could not see fit to pardon Cole and Jim, to grant release to Bob, the youngest of all, whose life was already ebbing away on the swift tide of consumption. This plea was one of the most impressive I have ever heard, and it seemed that no soul could be so hard as to resist it.

Our suspense was now of exceedingly short duration. Cool, calm, cold, and collected, the chief executive of the great commonwealth of Minnesota, with the power of liberty or confinement—death or life at his command—arose and said:

“I can not pardon these men. My duty to the state and my personal prejudice against them make it impossible.”

This emphatic decision of Gov. Merriam seemed to be a death-blow to the whole under-

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taking. It dazed us. After such long years of labor and sacrifice the action of the chief executive was almost overwhelmingly depressing. The pleading, the toil, and even the tears of friends, interceding for the prisoners, had availed naught.

The deep-seated prejudice of one man, armed with autocratic power at this supreme moment, had cruelly dashed to pieces our fondest hopes and expectations. In the midst of it all, however, I still determined to keep up the fight.

In the year 1884 I had made promise and pledge that I would be faithful and unfaltering as long as there was a single ray of hope—as long as there was left one avenue by which to reach the conscience of the authorities and people of Minnesota.

Messrs. Rogers and Reagan—brave, true men, who had had many a hard lesson in the school of disappointment—came to the conclusion that further effort would be futile.

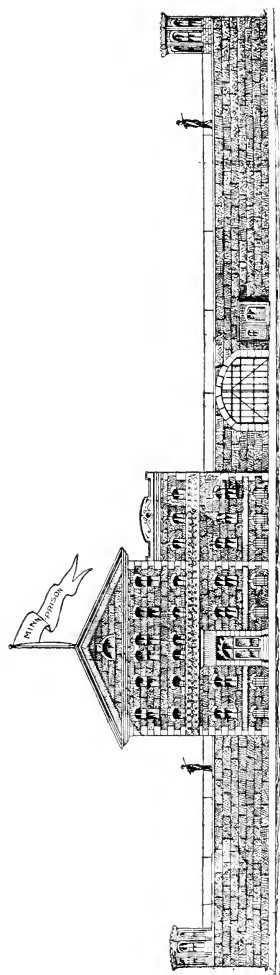
“What do you propose to do now?” said they to me.

“Well, gentlemen,” I replied, “I propose to stay here and try to obtain a pardon for Bob, at least.”

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My friends, Rogers and Reagan, returned at once to their homes in Kansas City, while I still held the fort in the far north.

A few days later I received a telegram from Col. Rogers, at Kansas City, requesting me to meet Maj. William Warner at the West Hotel, in Minneapolis, at 10 o'clock the next morning. In company with Governor Marshall and ex-Warden Reed I did so. After a conference with Warner it was decided that he should get Judge Ray, of Minneapolis, whom he had succeeded as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to call on Gov. Merriam. Both Warner and Ray did this and made most eloquent appeals for pardon of the Youngers, but these touching appeals were made all in vain. Merriam could not be moved.



MINNESOTA STATE PRISON, AT STILLWATER.





## CHAPTER 14.

### In the Hospital at Stillwater.

**I**T WAS now determined to seek the release of Bob Younger. There was an opinion prevalent in Minnesota that his illness was only feigned—that it was a cunning dodge to enlist public sympathy in order to get him out of prison. After events proved how cruelly unfounded was this suspicion.

At this time Gov. Marshall notified me to meet him at the Union Station in St. Paul, when he said we would proceed to Northfield to see Col. Phillips, president of the bank, which in 1876, had been raided by the Missouri bandits. Marshall, however, reconsidered this proposition and went there alone, leaving me in St. Paul.

At Northfield he and Col. Phillips had a private conference, in reference to the pardon, which lasted until after midnight. Phillips still doubted that Bob was really ill. He, like many other persons, feared he was being imposed upon. But the bank president, evidently

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wishing to deal with the matter fairly and in a careful, business-like manner, submitted a proposition to engage a reputable physician — to be chosen by himself — send him to Stillwater, and there have him make a thorough physical examination of Bob. Should he concur with the prison physician, and this examination result in clearing away all doubt as to the patient's true condition; and also show conclusively that he was actually near unto death, he would then at once and cheerfully give a letter recommending pardon.

Gov. Marshall, personally knowing the facts in the case, and having implicit confidence in Col. Phillips, integrity of purpose, readily accepted the proposal.

Doctor Ogden, a young surgeon and physician, though reared in Northfield, now resided in St. Paul and had a fine reputation professionally and as a citizen. He was selected as the medical examiner by Phillips.

In company with Marshall I called on Dr. Ogden at his office in Wabesha street, and was at once favorably impressed with him. He accepted the proposition placed before him and said he would be pleased to act in the capacity desired.

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Upon the arrival of Dr. Ogden and myself at Stillwater, Dr. Pratt, the prison physician, arranged a meeting with Ogden at the penitentiary hospital. The two physicians made an exceedingly careful and minute examination of the young convict. At its conclusion I sent a telegram to Col. Phillips, announcing the result of the diagnosis, which was, that Bob was fatally ill and had but a short time to live. The final summons might come at any moment, and yet he might linger several weeks. Under the most favorable conditions, however, his life could not possibly be prolonged beyond sixty or seventy days. Dr. Ogden urged that he be pardoned in order that he might have his wish gratified not to die within the prison walls.

In addition to this recommendation, Dr. Ogden, whose interest in the matter had become much heightened, wrote a letter to Phillips, recommending a pardon for Cole and Jim.

Two weeks later, in July, 1889, Marshall and I presented additional letters to Gov. Merriam. To our surprise we found that his attitude had not changed, unless it was that his determination not to grant my request had become more firmly settled.

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Turning to us, Merriam declared with an emphasis that could not be misunderstood: "I would not pardon the Youngers, even if Mrs. Heywood should come to life again and make the request."

The widow of the murdered Northfield bank cashier, it should be stated, had remarried a year or so after her husband's tragic death, and had died some years later.

What next should be done? Merriam was as merciless as an avenging Nemesis. Every resource at our command had been exhausted to mollify him.

Just then the idea of a last resort occurred to me. With all the earnestness I could muster and in absolute good faith, there in the presence of the Governor, I offered myself as a hostage for thirty days, to occupy Cole Younger's cell in the state prison, if the Youngers might be given a leave of absence for that length of time to visit their old home in Jackson county, Missouri.

As a matter of fact I did not relish the idea of spending even a few hours behind the bars at Stillwater, but I had reached a point of desperation and was ready and willing to make even an unreasonable sacrifice for the sake of the freedom of my unfortunate friends.

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I also volunteered to raise a solvent bond of one hundred thousand dollars, or even a million dollars, as a guarantee of their good citizenship in the future, if they should be pardoned. I insisted that the boys would go further now to protect a bank than they did in 1876 to rob one.

To more heavily reinforce these propositions of mine the noble Gov. Marshall, on this same occasion, offered himself as a hostage. But these offers were rejected.

## CHAPTER 15.

### The Messenger of Death.

**I**N 1888 William R. Merriam was elected Governor of Minnesota by a majority of 18,000. After having served two years, he was renominated by the Republicans in 1890 for a second term. The Democrats nominated Mr. Wilson as his opponent in the race. Merriam, for various reasons, seemed to have become unpopular, and there was a tolerably fair prospect that Wilson would win. He did make a gallant campaign and was defeated at the polls in November by the small margin of about six hundred votes. The Younger agitation, however, had little, if indeed, anything to do with the result, though at other times it cut a figure in local political affairs.

Poor Bob Younger! The time soon came when no more appeals to Merriam or any other earthly power would be needed in his behalf. His friends had made a strenuous fight for his release, but their entreaties were all in vain. One day, in his dark prison, he heard the sum-

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mions of the pitying angel, calling him into the green pastures and beside the still waters of eternal peace and rest and his emancipated spirit took its heavenward flight.

Bob Younger died in the hospital department of the Stillwater penitentiary Monday evening, September 16, 1889. Had he lived until the twenty-ninth of the following month, he would have been thirty-four years old. His death had been expected for a number of weeks, and yet when the end did come it proved no less a shock to the loving sister and devoted brothers than his numerous friends. Monday afternoon he told his brothers that the end was near and desired them to remain with him. At nine o'clock Deputy Westby entered the hospital and Bob asked him to remain. As death approached, Bob whispered a few words occasionally or turned his eyes with affection unspeakable upon the dear sister, and the last words he spoke embodied a request that they would not weep for him. No words can fitly describe the faithful devotion or the tireless attention of the brothers. The latter had been excused from the regular duties for the last few days, and by day and night they had watched at the bedside of their dying brother.

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The remains were taken to undertaking rooms and embalmed and placed in a plain, rich casket, bearing a silver plate with the inscription, "At Rest." The chapel was draped in mourning, and the funeral services were conducted by Chaplain J. H. Albert. Appropriate music was rendered and at the close of the services, the inmates were given the privilege of viewing the body. Many an eye grew dim as it looked for the last time upon the well-known features, grown so wan and pale, and many an honest heart beat faster under the striped jackets in earnest, sincere sympathy with the bereaved relatives. The pallbearers were selected from among the oldest of Bob's friends, and with one exception were life members. Very reverently and lovingly did they fulfill this last sad office. Mr. Albert read the fourteenth chapter of St. John — those beautiful words of comfort spoken by our Saviour which have brought peace to so many troubled hearts. The chaplain's remarks were brief and dealt mainly with Bob's life and character as known by all with whom he had come in contact during the thirteen years of his imprisonment. Mr. Albert said in part:

"There are many things upon which we dif-





MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS,  
Author of the Younger Petition.



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fer and there are also many other things upon which we agree. A little reflection will show that in the main we agree as to the fundamental principle of life and death. I look upon your faces this afternoon and see many characteristics in common and yet also many differences. But there is one thing upon which we all unite and that is death. We know that we cannot live forever, and the time will come when a few words will be said over our dead bodies and we will be laid away. Knowing then that we all must die, how much ought we to consider it. Yet how many go on day after day, paying no attention to it. This is the height of folly. But on the other hand, it is the worst kind of cowardice to live in the constant fear of death. The real way is this: We should recognize it as a fact and keep the fact in sight that death is the end of life. We should view it like the man does who is going to emigrate to a far country. He gets his goods in order, settles all property questions, and prepares himself in every possible way for his journey and new home. And this is what we should do. We should get together what we will need in another world. When we are called to look down upon the cold remains of

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a loving brother, then are we better fitted to receive these things. Unconsciously we call to our minds the traits of character of the departed one that we would like to keep alive. What was it in his life that was best, that we admired most? As I look at this inanimate clay I can recall many characteristics which we would like to possess. I will take the liberty to name one or two of them. One of them is this: A firmness of purpose or will. This was very noticeable in his last bitter struggle with death. Everything tended to discourage him and yet his firm will rose above it all and no one ever heard him make complaint. Another characteristic was a strict regard for the truth; and again, his honesty both as regarded his duties, and also in regard to other people. He was never heard to slander any one or speak ill of them. If there was anything he abhorred, it was a hypocrite, and no inmate ever stood higher in the opinion of the officers than he. He had their entire confidence. This is worthy of our remembrance. When we, too, come to pass away, we should like for this to be said of us. His reading and thoughts were always of a purer, higher kind. Several times I have gone past his cell and

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found him writing, and upon questioning him I would find that it was to little nephews and of an advisory nature. I will speak also of religion. Bob never spoke to me of it, but if you ask my opinion, I would say that, though he never openly professed religion or joined the church, yet I can say from an experience of over two years that he had the fundamental truths of religion firmly implanted in his heart. His whole life here and his recognized purity of conversation go to prove it. There are many other characteristics which I could speak of, but I must pass on."

Mr. Albert then addressed a few words of comfort directly to Miss Retta Younger and her brothers, Cole and Jim, and closed by reading the beautiful twenty-third Psalm.

The Rev. Thomas M. Cobb, now presiding elder of the Lexington, Missouri, district of the Southwest Missouri Conference, served most gallantly throughout the Civil War as a member of the famous Confederate brigade commanded by Gen. F. M. Cockrell, now on the Interstate Commerce Commission. At the close of the war Mr. Cobb entered the ministry and has attained distinction in that calling. His son, Thomas M. Cobb, Jr., a brilliant

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young man, died of smallpox while serving in the Philippines. His body was cremated and the ashes sent home.

Thos. M. Cobb took great interest in Bob Younger's spiritual welfare and addressed to him from Lexington, Missouri, the following letter, in August, 1889:

"My dear sir:—Although a total stranger to you, I venture to write you a friendly letter. I am informed that you are hopelessly ill, that there is no possible chance for your recovery. In this sad hour, I beg to assure you of my personal sympathy and prayers. Your brothers know of me and can tell you something of my past life and present occupation. I was a Confederate soldier for four years, fought and suffered for the same cause that they did. I am now a Methodist minister and have been since the close of the Civil War. Earnestly desiring the salvation of all men, I feel a special concern for those who fought for the same cause that I did. As I see it, there is no hope for your pardon, so you must die in prison. I dare not apologize for nor in any way palliate, the crimes of which you are guilty. The deeds have been done and there is no way of undoing them. But God is merciful and always willing

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to forgive and save. Although you are a condemned criminal and must die in prison, the blessed Savior is near and is ever willing to grant you pardon and peace. He was indeed the friend of publicans and sinners, received them, talked with them and saved them. Even the thief on the cross was not beyond His mercy. In the last hour He took away his sin and received him into Paradise. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. I beg you to look to Him, make a full and honest confession of your sins, and cast yourself upon His mercy. Bless His holy name, He will not turn you away, for He is both able and willing to save to the utmost all who come to Him.

"And now, my dear sir, I beg to assure you that I am your friend and brother and that I shall pray daily and earnestly for your salvation. Don't lay this aside without thought, but begin at once to make peace with God and get ready for that event which must surely come.

"Give my kindest regards to your loving sister and to your brothers, Cole and Jim.

"May God in his mercy deal tenderly with you all."

## CHAPTER 16.

### Hal Reid's Tribute.

Mr. Hal Reid, the well-known playwright and actor, was a warm personal friend of the Younger brothers and visited Bob on his deathbed. Shortly afterward he wrote the following sketch of the last scene, which may justly be considered a classic of its kind:

"Hello, Bob;"

"How-dye?"

"First-rate; how are you coming on, Bob?"

"Badly, I'm not feeling well at all. I guess I'll finish my sentence before long."

"Oh, don't talk that way, Bob. You are all right. Some Governor will come along one of these days and think you boys have suffered long enough and pardon you sure."

"'Hope deferred'—you know the rest; besides you remember what McGill, when he was Governor, told Cole?"

"Yes, I do. He said in the presence of Deputy Westby and you and me, that you boys had suffered long enough and he ought to turn you out."



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"Well, you see how they have done it."

"That's no criterion. Bob, McGill was a poor little 'fice' of a political error, with a string for a backbone and has sunk into well-deserved obscurity. Sometime a governor of nerve will come along and do what he thinks is right."

"If it ever does happen, it must be soon or it will do me no good. Well, I must get on to the steward's office; good-bye."

"Good-bye, Bob."

Then down the long, stone-floored, iron-walled corridor of Stillwater Prison Bob Younger slowly and painfully walked until the clank of the iron door hid him from my view for the last time in life.

Accompanied by Deputy Warden Westby, I then went to the little corner of the west corridor, cut off by a railing, to make a place for Jim Younger to run the postoffice.

Jim was there, tilted back in a chair, softly picking a guitar, which, as we approached, he laid aside, and rising, offered us seats.

"How-dye, Jim," said I, extending my hand.

"Very well, Hal. How have you been?"

"Oh, all O. K. Say, Jim, did Harrison give you your commission as postmaster?"

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"No, I am a Democrat and I wanted to resign, and go home to Missouri when we got a Republican President, but the deputy here won't accept my resignation, so I guess I'll have to stay."

"That's so, Jim, we can't get along without you now, but if I was Governor I would send you boys home before to-morrow night."

"Say, Deputy, how is Bob, honest now, how is he? He comes around here by your permission and makes a great out at joking and such, but I'm sure it's all put on to make me feel good."

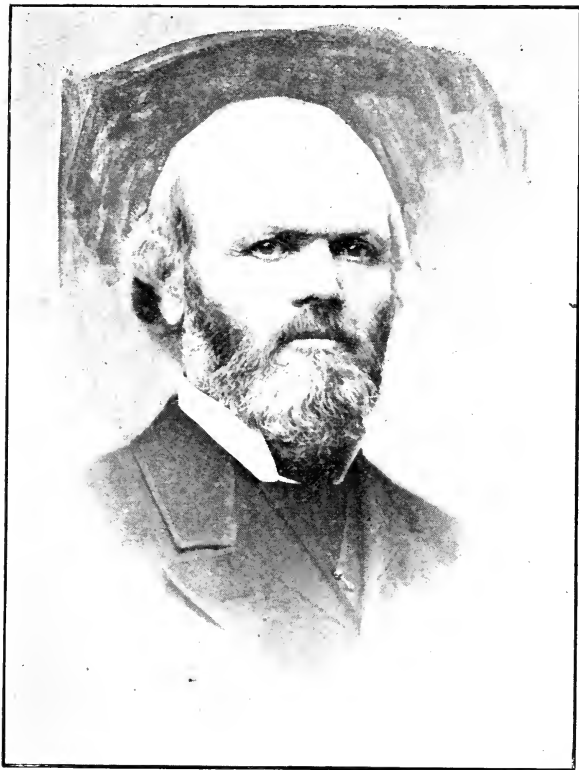
"He is some better, Jim, but he is not strong, you know."

"Deputy, do you think Bob'll die?"

Jim Younger's voice trembled, his strong frame shook, and the look in his eyes was one of pain — of heart pain — of agony.

"Frank Hall, the steward of the hospital, is doing all he can, Jim, and so is Dr. Pratt. We'll try to pull him through," evasively answered the deputy, and as Jim turned away, a tear spashed on the letters lying on his little desk.

We went on to the library and there sat Cole, his kindly face sad and worn. He took



WILLIAM R. MARSHALL,  
Former Governor of Minnesota.



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my hand and his first question was: "Have you seen Bob?"

"Yes, Cole."

"What do you think?"

"He's not well, Cole."

"I know that, but do you think he will die?"

His face worked convulsively, his hands trembled, and his fingers picked nervously at each other. I had not the heart to answer, and he continued:

"You see, Bob's the youngest, and Jim and I remember when he used to play around with gourds and the like o' that, and we've all been here together so long that I—that Jim"—here his voice broke down and he turned away. Presently he said:

"I wish I could go instead, I am the oldest. Bob might live until some governor would let him go home. I am an old man and won't live very long anyway."

I wish to say right here that I am not aiming to make any excuse for the Youngers — none at all — and I knew them too many weary hours and too well to make heroes of them. I know, too, that they had cause — good cause — to do some of what they did so, and that their sixteen long years in prison has made

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them broken down, repentent men, and that sixteen years behind prison walls will pay any man's debt to God or man. I would not want better neighbors than Cole or Jim Younger, or a better friend than either would now make.

One night on the stage, while playing in my piece of *La Belle Marie*, I had to use during the action of the play a newspaper, and the property man had placed one on the desk used in the office scene of the second act. My eye fell upon the headline:

“BOB YOUNGER DEAD.”

I stopped short. The lines I was speaking died upon my lips, and my thoughts flew to the cold stones, the iron bars, and the agonies of Stillwater. Little did the audience know why the “villain” so suddenly ended his tirade.

I was brought to action by hearing my line thrown from the prompt entrance, and the play proceeded.

Later on I investigated Bob's last hours, and I give the story as told by an eye-witness:

Bob lay in the hospital, wasted to a mere shadow. All day long he had talked of birds and flowers and the grass and brooks and free-

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dom. Along toward evening he roused up and said to Frank Hall:

"Doctor, raise me up; let me see the grass and the trees out yonder. You don't know how I have stood holding on to the iron bars, and longed to be out on the hill there to lie on the grass, to lie in the clover, and just to know for a moment or two that I was in the free air. Why, doctor, I'd a gone out there and I'd a come back, just to the minute. You can believe a dying man. I'd a come back."

"Yes, Bob, I know, and I wanted to let you go, and we went to the warden, but he didn't dare do it; the newspapers would have cut us up about it; they don't know how ill you are. We couldn't do it."

Just then Cole came in, and without a word sank beside the iron cot, and shook with sobs.

"Don't do that, Cole! Don't do that! You see I'll be better off. I'll be free anyway. Thank God, they can't lock a man's soul up. They can't hold that with lock and key."

Just then a robin flew on the stone casing and plumed himself and sang.

"Cole, do you hear that?"

"What, Bob?"

"That bird; do you remember the mocking-birds in Missouri? Don't you, Cole?"

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"Yes, Bob."

"Well, that bird brought mother back to me. I could see her going to the well, and the birds on the trees and feeding around the door.

"Where's Deputy Westby? I want him."

The deputy was sent for and came.

"Well, Bob, how are you?"

"I'm at the end of my sentence, Deputy. In a few minutes I'll be pardoned out, and some way or other, Deputy, I think my soul will rest a while over yonder on that hill, the one we can see from the window. It has longed so to be there that I think — I think — Jim — where's Jim?"

"Here, Bob, right here, brother."

"Cole — Jim — Deputy — Deputy, you've been good to us all, and to me, and I thank you; you're a kind good man, all the boys like you, and — and God bless you."

Here Bob Younger raised the deputy's hand and kissed it.

"Don't think I'm foolish, Deputy, you—are —good—very—good."

Slowly, more laboriously, came the dying man's breath. He raised up slightly and said:

"Cole, bring me a drink. Wait, I want to whisper to you."



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Cole bent his head and as their tears mingled Bob whispered some name.

"Tell her," he said aloud, "tell her I died thinking of her."

A moment more, a long sigh, and then, death.

A convict no more, angel or devil, which? Who shall dare say? Who shall say that his repentance was not accepted? Who shall say that Christ's atoning blood had not washed him "white as snow?"

## CHAPTER 17.

### **A Change of Administration.**

In 1890 Miss Retta Younger arrived at my home from Stillwater, conveying a message from her brothers, Cole and Jim, for me to come to Minnesota at once. About the same time I received a letter from Gov. Marshall, making the same request. I immediately took the train for St. Paul, a distance of five hundred miles, and conferred with both Republicans and Democrats — friends of the Youngers — as to the pardon proposition. This was previous to Merriam's second election. When it became known that he was to serve two years longer, all thought of pushing our undertaking, in which he should have anything to do, was abandoned. In fact, he had stated to us in a previous conference that it was needless expense and waste of time on our part to trouble him further.

At the expiration of Merriam's second term, Governor Lind succeeded him and served one term. I did not look for anything from Lind. It was generally conceded that he had no sympathy with this liberation scheme. But while

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he was let severely alone I was allowing no grass to grow under my feet.

Not to mention the unselfish and hearty encouragement I had already received from my friends in this state, I was gratified and made hopeful by the self-sacrificing and sincere spirit shown by so many of the citizens of Minnesota. Save for the helping hand extended me by these people, all my efforts would have been vanity of vanities and this, one of the most cherished ambitious enterprises of my career, would have been numbered with the long list of life's failures.

In 1894 the Honorable Knute Nelson was elected Governor to succeed Lind, and was inaugurated in 1895. After a brief service as chief executive, Nelson was elected to the United States Senate and Lieutenant-Governor D. M. Clough, became Governor.

The following year I again circulated the Edwards' Petition at the General Assembly of Missouri, in behalf of the Youngers, and was happy in securing to it the signatures of nearly every member of that body. Besides all these, I had received hundreds more of letters from influential men in various parts of the country, all of which were addressed to Gov. D. M. Clough.

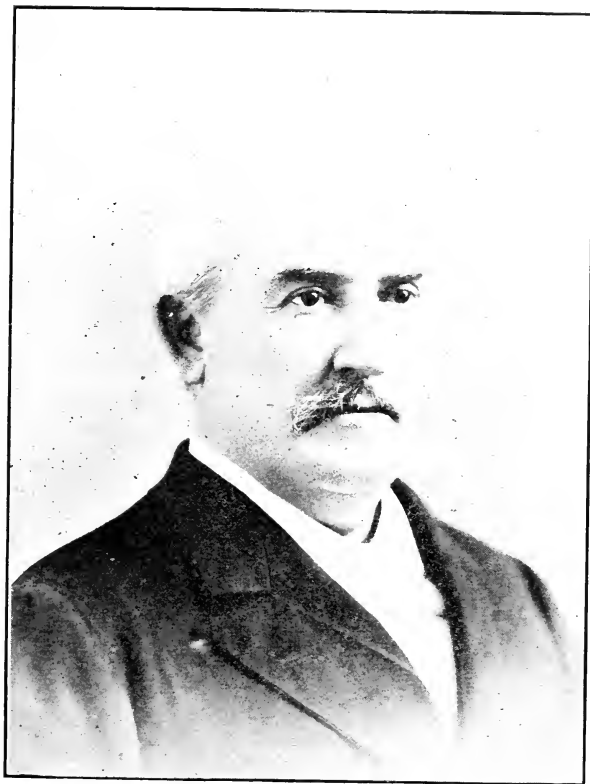
*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

Maj. William Warner, the then United States Attorney for the Western District of Missouri; famous throughout the country as an orator and as a veteran of the Civil War, and former Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, furnished the following letter:

“Learning that an application will be made to you in the near future for the pardon of Cole Younger and James Younger, now in the penitentiary of your state, I write you this letter.

“Without questioning the justice of the sentence or palliating in the least the crime for which these parties were sent to the penitentiary, I am convinced that the nineteen years they have served, taking into consideration their uniform good behavior, that it would be a proper use of the executive clemency should the pardon now be granted. They were young men during the war, and their acts after its close may be largely attributable to the occurrences during the Civil War. A pardon granted them would, as I believe, meet the approval of our citizens.”

Honorable Webster Davis, of Kansas City, noted as an orator and lecturer, as the author



FORMER GOVERNOR THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.



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of a successful volume on the Boer War, and as Assistant Secretary of the Interior, under President McKinley, sent this strong endorsement:

"As chief executive of Kansas City, Missouri, I write you to request that you pardon Coleman and James Younger from the Minnesota state penitentiary. They have been confined there for some nineteen years and have, I understand, conducted themselves well as prisoners. They have many friends and acquaintances in the State of Missouri who are anxious to see them pardoned; believing that they have been punished sufficiently. These friends are, also, good, law-abiding citizens of the State of Missouri, and they feel that, should you pardon them, they would conduct themselves in the future as lawabiding citizens. I hope that you will grant the request. I am satisfied that you would not regret it in the future."

Honorable David DeArmond, one of the most distinguished members from Missouri, wrote:

"I join with many others in respectfully petitioning you to pardon Coleman and James Younger, now confined in the penitentiary of your state.

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"I know personally that very many most excellent people—upright, moral, Christian citizens of this state — earnestly hope that executive clemency may be extended to these prisoners under life sentence.

"They believe and I believe that if released, the Youngers will lead lives of peace and good order, and that society can not gain by their longer continued confinement, and will not suffer, in the least particular, from their speedy discharge.

"The Youngers are most respectably connected, and many earnest pleas addressed to you for their pardon come from men as law-abiding and worthy as are to be found in the United States.

"I sincerely hope you may find it consistent with your sense of duty to exercise the pardoning power in favor of these men who have been so long imprisoned, and I assure you that the act of mercy will win the lasting gratitude of thousands who are always on the side of law and order."

Honorable Charles G. Burton, of Nevada, Missouri, a prominent Republican and ex-member of congress from the Fifteenth district, wrote in strong terms as follows:



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"I have been asked to join with others in soliciting the pardon of Coleman and James Younger, now confined in the penitentiary of your state. I do so without hesitation. In asking the exercise of executive clemency, I attempt no excuse or palliation for the crime committed. There was no excuse, neither were there any palliating circumstances. If the death penalty had been inflicted immediately following the conviction, no one could have denied its justness. But in accordance with the wisdom of your civilization, as made manifest in your law, they were incarcerated in the penitentiary. The object of the punishment inflicted was to reform the convicted if possible, and to strike terror to all who might be inclined to follow in their footsteps.

"Both of these purposes have been accomplished in a great measure. The continued imprisonment of these men can result in no good to them nor be of any benefit to the state. Impressed with the belief that, if pardoned, they will devote the remainder of their lives to their own and the betterment of their fellow-men, I unite with others, citizens of this state, in asking your pardon of them."

Hon. Lon V. Stephens, then State Treasurer

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of Missouri, and later Governor, gave me the following letter :

"I have felt the pulse of the people of Missouri, during the last five years, on the subject of the pardon of the Younger brothers, who are now confined in the Minnesota state prison. I have talked with several hundred people on this subject, Republicans as well as Democrats, and the sentiment is unanimous in favor of this pardon. If you can see your way clear to issue it, it will be an act that humanity will endorse and which will be appreciated by the good people of this state. Hon. W. C. Bronaugh, who has taken an interest in this matter, is one of the most prominent citizens of this state. There is no honor that he might wish at the hands of our people, he could not get. He has for years devoted his time and means toward the pardon of the Younger brothers. I commend him to your confidence and esteem."

Among these letters, bearing date in this year, was one from Hon. S. B. Elkins, now United States Senator from West Virginia. Though a Republican partisan of unmistakable type, Senator Elkins took hearty interest in my movement for the release of the Youngers, because of an incident which occurred during

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the Civil War, in which his life was saved by Cole Younger.

Sometime in October, 1862, Quantrell and his band were in camp near Big Creek, in Cass county, Missouri, where they held under arrest, as a spy, Steve Elkins, a young Missouri school teacher. The fate of the prisoner was apparently sealed, for he was intensely hated by several of the more bloodthirsty guerillas.

Cole Younger, with a squad of men, two miles away, heard that Elkins was under arrest and at once galloped over to Quantrell and interceded for the prisoner, who had been his friend and schoolteacher before the war.

The guerilla chieftain listened patiently to Younger's statement and announced that he would release Elkins. The latter was placed in charge of Cole, who escorted him quite a distance from the camp and directed him which way to make his escape, toward either Harrisonville or Kansas City.

Elkins never forgot the kindly deed, and his rescue from what would have been certain death, and after Cole's pardon was granted the senator sent to his benefactor a check for one hundred dollars. April 3, 1896, Senator Elkins addressed me the following note from Washington, D. C.:

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"You must pardon me for not replying sooner to your letter of March 5th, but I have been so very busy that I had not time to give it proper attention.

"Complying with your request, I enclose herewith a letter, addressed to Gov. Clough, which may be of service to you."

The following is the letter :

"I learn that there is an effort being made to secure the pardon of the Younger boys, under life sentence for murder in your state penitentiary.

"I knew these boys when they were children in Missouri before the war. They come of a good family. I knew their father and mother and they were good people, and these boys gave promise of making good men.

"During the war I think Cole Younger saved my life, and of course I feel kindly towards him and his brother. On this account I take the liberty of addressing you in their behalf. If you can see your way clear, under all the circumstances, to grant them executive clemency, it would greatly oblige me."

## CHAPTER 18.

### In the Presence of the Governor.

**I**N October, 1896, accompanied by H. A. Jones, a lawyer of Pleasant Hill, Missouri, and nephew of the Youngers, I again set out for St. Paul. Thence Mr. Jones and I went to Stillwater and had a conference with Warden Wolfer, and Cole and Jim Younger.

A few days thereafter, State Senator James O'Brien, State Auditor R. C. Dunn, Warden Wolfer, H. A. Jones and myself called on Gov. Clough at St. Paul, with this petition and these letters. Clough was a man of decided ability and well-deserved popularity. The delegation chosen to wait upon him was a strong one. The Minnesota members of it were quite as heartily in favor of the movements as were Mr. Jones and myself, and we were all hopeful of attaining the much-coveted end.

The Governor received us with great suavity in his private office and listened patiently and attentively to the speeches made in behalf of the prisoners. Messrs. Dunn, Wolfer,

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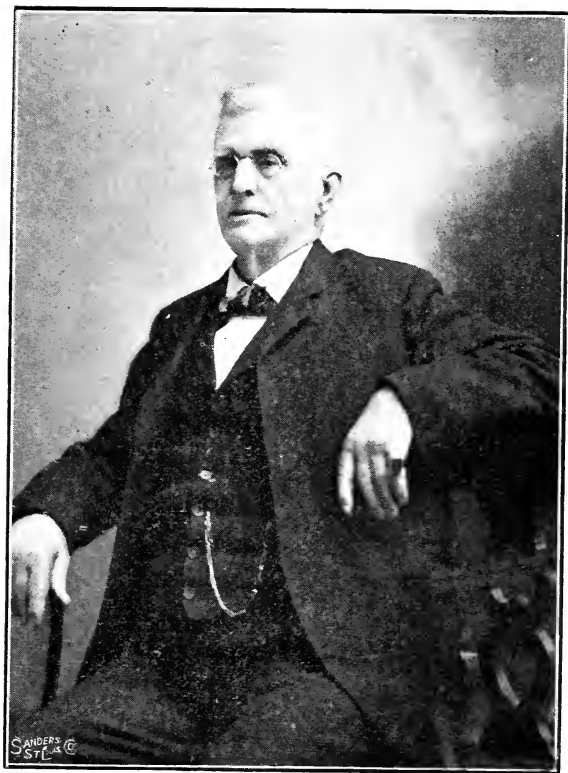
and O'Brien were the spokesmen, and I can truthfully say their efforts were eloquent. Every legitimate argument favoring a pardon was advanced. Warden Wolfer especially distinguished himself. His plea would have been creditable to any advocate at the bar. Throughout it was lucid, strong and logical.

This meeting was not devoid of dramatic features, especially at the close of the speeches, when the verdict was to be decided upon by one man—Gov. Clough.

The delegation remained seated in his office. The Governor arose from his chair and began walking up and down the floor. His hands were clasped behind him and his head was bent forward. Not a word escaped his lips. He looked like some tragedian treading the boards. And, indeed, he was an actor then and there in a scene surpassing many which are witnessed on the mimic stage. His soliloquy was not Hamlet's—"To be or not to be"—but his own—"To do or not to do."

The long suspense was painful to all in the room. Finally, Auditor Dunn could keep silence no longer.

"Dave Clough," he exclaimed, "sit down there and write that pardon out for the Young-



COL. S. C. REAGAN,  
Of Kansas City.





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ers! There will be only a nine days' howl over it by a lot of sore-heads and politicians. You know I have been an outspoken advocate and champion of the Youngers and everybody in Minnesota knows how I stood and still stand. I have been elected Auditor three times and you know that at the last election I ran two thousand votes ahead of you."

This was apparently a clincher. None of us thought the Governor could withstand it, but would surely yield. He heard every word uttered by his friend, Dunn, in whose sincerity and honesty he placed absolute confidence. The Governor was in a quandary. His desire was certainly to do what was best—what was right.

He walked and wavered and walked, revolving the great question in his mind. Personally he had much at stake, and then there were the people of Minnesota. He must not violate the trust and confidence they had placed in him by an unwise act of his own.

At length Gov. Clough found a refuge, and it must be acknowledged, a reasonable one, however disappointing it may have been to his petitioners. It lay in the fact that an amendment to the state constitution, creating a

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Board of Pardons, had been favorably voted on at the general election of 1896, and the Governor, in debating the momentous question placed before him, finally arrived at the conclusion that it should be left to this board. This decision he firmly, but very considerately, announced to the delegation. He declined to put his signature to the petition for a pardon.

No one of our party questioned at that time Gov. Clough's sympathy. At heart he undoubtedly desired to favor us, but at the last moment he made up his mind otherwise.

Turning to us, he said: "Go home to Missouri, get another petition and have it addressed to the pardoning board."

Messrs. Wolfer and O'Brien suggested to me that I secure as many letters as possible, favoring official clemency, and have them ready to be seen by the board at the proper time.

Upon my return home I entered with renewed energy upon the task of soliciting letters in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky and Washington, D. C. In this my success was gratifying and went beyond my fondest expectations. Men in various walks of life re-

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sponded promptly and cheerfully. Veterans who had worn the blue mingled with those who had worn the gray in lending me assistance in what they considered a laudable enterprise. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it may also be said that one stroke upon the chord of sympathy will vibrate in human hearts, though seas and mountains stand between.

## CHAPTER 19.

### A Memorable Year.

**T**HE year 1897 is deeply engraved on my memory, for it was during that period that a supreme effort to secure clemency to Cole and Jim Younger was to be made. Their brother Bob, had long since passed away from all earthly pain and prison. He had paid not only the debts of transgression to the state but the debt of nature, which falls alike to all things mortal.

A vast store of letters, and a powerful petition had been gathered for use in this campaign. If legitimate influence were ever to accomplish anything, now was the accepted and opportune time to bring it to bear upon the proper authorities in Minnesota.

While my previous efforts had fallen short so far as my definite object was concerned, they had nevertheless been fruitful. The propaganda engaged in had opened the eyes of people blinded by prejudice and passion, and had aroused the sympathy of many whose hearts had been embittered by the tragic events of 1876.

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With a large leather valise, packed full of precious documents, including a third petition from the General Assembly of Missouri, I left Kansas City for St. Paul, July 6, 1897, again accompanied by H. A. Jones, of Pleasant Hill, Missouri, nephew of the Youngers. We reached the Minnesota capital the eve of July 7th, too late to file these papers that day with the Board of Pardons. Wishing to maintain as much secrecy as possible as to our presence in St. Paul, we took due precaution to elude the ubiquitous newspaper reporter.

Perhaps it will not be inappropriate to reproduce here a few of these letters written by distinguished men in Missouri and elsewhere:

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Gov. T. T. Crittenden, then Consul-General of the United States, wrote from the City of Mexico:

“To the Minnesota Board of Pardons: I am asked to write you a letter soliciting the pardon of the Youngers, now in your prison. I respectfully ask it. I was Governor of Missouri at the time the James gang was broken up and have some knowledge of the actions and crimes of the Youngers and James boys.

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I do not justify or ameliorate anything either gang did. I applaud the activity of your people in pursuing, arresting and convicting the Youngers. I now beg their pardon on the grounds that they have paid a severe penalty; that they have been exemplary prisoners for twenty years; that they are now old and broken down; the law has been vindicated, and the few remaining years allotted to each, in freedom, would show that your great state was more merciful than vindictive."

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James R. Waddill, of St. Louis, Union veteran, ex-Congressman, and Superintendent of Insurance for Missouri:

"At the request of their friends, and in perfect accord with my own feelings, from the standpoint of a Union soldier, which I was during the late war, I write you in behalf of a pardon for the Younger brothers. These men, now past middle age, returned to this, their native state, from the Confederate army at the close of the war and were so hostilely received at their old home that their lives were in constant danger, and they were forced to take to the woods. At the time of their return they

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were scarcely more than lads, with characters unformed; four years' experience in the wild life of Confederate cavalymen, with the treatment accorded them on their return, prepared them for a reckless life, and they became highwaymen and desperadoes. The culmination of their criminal career was in your own state, with the result of a life sentence in your penitentiary. They have been imprisoned now twenty years. Every report that comes to us concerning them is to the effect that they are entirely changed and reformed men. I believe you will receive full confirmation of this statement from your penitentiary officials and the record of their prison life. Whatever of benefit can be attained for the state by penal servitude has certainly been realized; all the good that punishment can do in the case of these men has been accomplished. I believe that the time has come when it is wise—when both the requirements of wisdom and justice will be fully met by the exercise of the divine quality of mercy in granting full pardon to these men. I therefore add my voice to the many who will speak or write to you in behalf of their pardon; and I will be deeply grateful if you can see your

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way clear to set them free, and let them return to a loving sister and their kindred here in their native state to spend the remaining days of their lives, and at the end to be laid away with their fathers. I believe this is just and right, and I therefore make this request."

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On July 6, 1897, United States Senator F. M. Cockrell wrote me from Washington City the following note:

"My Dear Mr. Bronaugh: I have written and mailed to The Honorable—The Board of Pardons for the State of Minnesota, St. Paul, Minnesota—a letter strongly urging the pardon of Cole and James Younger. It will reach St. Paul prior to July 12th, when the Board meets. I trust pardon will be granted to them. With kindly remembrances and best wishes,

"Your friend,

"F. M. Cockrell."

The following is the letter:

"I have heretofore declined to ask or to join in asking pardon for Cole and James Younger, confined in your penitentiary at Stillwater.

"I believe the time has now come when the





COL. E. F. ROGERS,  
Of Kansas City.



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best interests of good government will be promoted by their pardon. They have served nearly two-thirds of the average term of life, uncomplainingly, obediently and submissively. It is sufficient in length to act as a deterrent. I believe their reform is genuine, honest, and true, and will be exemplified in their words, actions, and general behavior if they are pardoned. They will be living examples of the reformatory power and influence of imprisonment for crime. I believe that now an overwhelming majority of the people of Missouri will justify and sustain their pardon and restoration to citizenship and liberty. They belong to an old and respected family in Missouri. I knew their father and mother personally. They were most excellent, intelligent, worthy people, peaceable, quiet and law-abiding, and reared their children properly. Their inherited natures and dispositions were peaceable, law-abiding, humane and honorable. These traits will be exemplified in the actions of Cole and James if they are pardoned. I therefore earnestly hope you will feel justified in having pardon granted to each."

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Hon. John F. Philips, a colonel in the Union army, ex-Congressman, and Judge of the United States District Court for the Western District of Missouri, wrote as follows to the Hon. Charles M. Start, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, and member of the pardoning board:

"I beg to add my recommendation to that of other citizens of this state for the pardon of the Younger brothers. I have no other interest in this matter than that which springs from humanity and mercy. These unfortunate men and myself were on opposing sides during the war. I never had any sympathy with their acts of lawlessness. But my feeling is that the conduct of these men was largely the fruit of the bitter predatory war that prevailed here in Missouri. Thirty years and more have healed up its wounds among our people and nearly all of its scars have been obliterated. Time has brought healing on its wings to our people. Surely the Younger brothers have suffered enough. They are now old men, and I think that Justice has presided long and well enough in this case, and that Mercy might now be admitted to sit by her side."

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March 10, 1896, United States Senator George G. Vest dropped me the following note:

"My dear Sir: Yours of March 5th has just been received, and I enclose you the within letter, which I hope will be sufficient."

The following is the letter:

"While I have not the slightest sympathy with lawlessness in any form, I have no hesitation in asking you to pardon Coleman and James Younger.

"It seems to me that all the ends of justice have been accomplished.

"That they have been made better men is evident from their good conduct as prisoners, and that others have been deterred from like crimes, is shown by the infrequency of such offenses in late years, and the capture in every instance of the criminals by determined pursuit.

"Besides this, there is much extenuation for these men, in their personal history.

"Their father, whom I knew, kept a livery stable in Harrisonville, Cass county, Missouri, and was a staunch Union man. In 1861, Kansas troops, under Jennison, forcibly

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seized the horses in his stable, and shortly afterward the elder Younger was murdered.

"His sons, maddened by the outrage, joined Quantrell's band, and there learned the lesson which culminated in the crime which they are now expiating.

"They come from one of the best families in Missouri, and but for circumstances, would have been peaceable citizens.

"I hope you can find it consistent with your sense of duty to pardon them."

---

Maj. James Bannerman, President of the Ex-Confederate Association, wrote to the board:

"It is with sincere pleasure I recommend the pardon of the Younger brothers, who, I understand, have served what is usually considered a lifetime term. I am fully satisfied that if reprieved their early training and the long time they have had for reflection would be a safe guarantee of good citizenship in the future. I know many of their relatives in this state who are honorable people, some holding positions of honor and trust.

"Missouri has by its legislature this winter established a home for the Federal and ex-Con-

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federate soldiers, showing to our country that no feeling of bitterness existed in our glorious old state. This act of clemency on your part would confirm what our legislature has so nobly done, and wipe out forever the last vestige of a punishment inflicted for a crime, the result of getting into the crooked road and evil ways during the terrible struggle of thirty-five years ago.

"The Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, in an address to a jury, said:

" 'When God in His eternal counsel received the thought of man's creation, He called to Him the three ministers that wait constantly on the throne—Justice, Truth, and Mercy—and thus addressed them: "Shall we make man?"

" 'Justice answered: "Oh, God, make him not, for he will trample upon my laws" Truth made answer also: "Oh, God, make him not for he will pollute the sanctuaries." Then Mercy, dropping upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed; "Oh, God, make him, I will watch over him with my care through the dark paths he may have to

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tread." Then God made man and said unto him, "Oh, man thou art the child of Mercy, go thou and deal mercifully with thy brethren.' "

"The reprieve of those men would be acceptable to the people of Missouri, regardless of the past."

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Hon. Champ Clark, member of Congress from Missouri, wrote:

"In common with hosts of law-abiding citizens of one of your sister states of the Great Valley, I have felt a deep interest in the unhappy, but, perhaps, deserved, fate of the Younger brothers, now in the prison at Stillwater. As one who feels that their crime, though great, has been expiated by their twenty years of prison life, I would beg to add my voice to the sound of those raised in asking for the pardon of these men. I have every reason to believe that they, even yet, if released, would live to be respected citizens of their native state. They show evidences of a desire to live a better life than was theirs in the past. Feeling as I do that the ends of justice have been fully served, and that theirs has been a



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far-reaching example, I beg to ask that they be permitted to end their lives in their old home and among the friends of their early days."

---

Hon. Shepard Barclay, Judge of the Missouri Supreme Court, and a personal friend of Chief Justice Start, of Minnesota, wrote:

"Mr. W. C. Bronaugh, of Missouri, is about to submit to your honorable board an application for clemency toward the Youngers, who are serving a term of imprisonment in Minnesota. I am not sufficiently acquainted with your laws to know the proper limits of your discretionary power in such cases; but if it be entirely appropriate, allow me to say that I join with Mr. Bronaugh in requesting favorable consideration of the said application, believing that the interests of public justice would suffer no injury by the granting thereof at this time."

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Hon. J. L. Bittinger, distinguished Missouri journalist, member of the Missouri legislature, and United States Consul to Montreal, Canada, wrote as follows:

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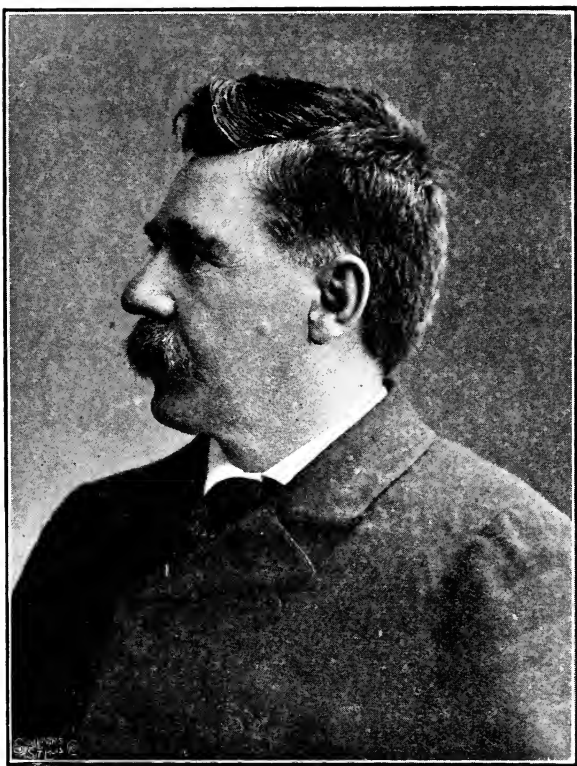
*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

"In common with a large number of Republicans in Missouri, I earnestly recommend the pardon of Coleman and James Younger from your state prison. They have now been confined more than twenty years, certainly a punishment long and severe enough for almost any crime. From what I can learn of their conduct in this position I am satisfied they will emerge from prison to make good, law-abiding, and useful citizens. Their release will greatly gratify a very large number of people in this state, and be almost universally approved by all classes."

---

Hon. W. S. Cowherd, member of Congress from the Fifth Missouri district, sent the following:

"I desire to add my request to the numerous ones I know you have already received, asking the pardon of Coleman and James Younger. As a boy, I knew them both. They were members of an honorable family in this county, and I have always believed that their crimes were the outgrowth of the war and the peculiar conditions surrounding those who had taken part in the border warfare between this state and Kansas.



UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM WARNER.



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"I understand, as prisoners, their record is without a blemish. They have now served what is more than the ordinary lifetime in the walls of the penitentiary and it seems to me that a pardon would be no more than meeting the dictates of mercy and humanity."

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Hon. M. E. Benton, member of Congress from the Fifteenth Missouri district, and nephew of the great Thomas H. Benton, wrote:

"I respectfully recommend the pardon of Coleman and James Younger, who have been confined in your prison for twenty years. I do not discuss with you the guilt or innocence, or the amount of turpitude of these prisoners. I have always believed that a man should not serve in prison for a term less than five years nor more than fifteen years. Because, if less than five years he learns nothing that will be useful to him after his release. And if for more than fifteen years he loses hope and is heartless.

"I have served for a number of years as a prosecutor for the state, and as attorney of the United States, and I have deliberately come to this conclusion. I believe now these men

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have been severely punished, and that it would be an act of mercy and humanity, to let them spend the remainder of their days as free men."

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Gov. W. J. Stone, ex-Congressman, and now United States Senator from Missouri:

"I address you in the interest of the Youngers, now confined in the penitentiary. I desire to join with others in recommending their application for pardon to your honorable Board's most kindly consideration. I do not know either of the petitioners, but am acquainted with some of their relatives in this state. The Youngers here are in every respect reputable and worthy citizens. The conditions existing in this state during and immediately following the war were peculiar. They were without parallel in any other section, so far as I know. A great many terrible tragedies were enacted and all the worst impulses of a number of men were stirred into the most savage activity. I do not refer to this either to excuse or to extenuate any unlawful acts committed by the Youngers here or elsewhere, but to those familiar with the situation, it is not difficult to understand how men, naturally

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well disposed, and who ordinarily would develop into useful citizens, were led or driven into excesses which practically made them outlaws. In those days there was an unforgiving spirit of bitterness throughout the state. There were feuds and vendettas, and men were hunted like wild beasts and shot. But all those days are now happily long since past. There is no vestige of that old bitterness remaining. The Youngers at Stillwater are almost the sole remaining reminders of that era, and all feeling against them has disappeared. I believe I am safe in saying that our entire population regards their unhappy condition with real commiseration and would be rejoiced if their liberty should be restored. I have no doubt they would return quietly to their old home in Missouri and remain law-abiding citizens during the rest of their lives. I have heard many prominent men in different sections of the state, and of all political parties, express their hope that they might be pardoned, in which hope I personally share. I beg to ask the Honorable Board's patient and merciful consideration of their application. I will be greatly pleased if in the discharge of your duty you can see your way clear to release them."

## CHAPTER 20.

### The Board of Pardons.

**O**N July 8, 1897, I succeeded in filing these documents with the Board of Pardons. This board was composed of three members — Gov. Clough, Attorney-General Childs, and Chief Justice Start. These distinguished gentlemen convened in their official capacity in the Governor's office. Announcement of this meeting had previously been made in the newspapers, and public interest was thoroughly aroused, and the pardon of the two Younger brothers would be brought up July 12th for consideration and decided for or against them. Their fate was hanging in the balance, as also were the hopes of their adherents.

Farmers came into town from all the surrounding neighborhood and men in the city left their places of business to attend the meeting. Northfield sent a large delegation, among which were a number of the most prominent and influential men in the state. It is needless



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to say that a majority of them were strenuously opposed to a pardon and they came to the capital to add their voice to the protest of others.

The Governor's office was crowded with eager visitors, and hundreds of people surged into and out of the building. Interest had reached a high pitch and the scene presented was one long to be remembered.

The board met promptly at 10 o'clock Monday morning, July 12th. Gov. Clough, the chairman, was seated between Attorney-General Childs at his right and Chief Justice Start at his left. Gathered about them were noted men, some of whom were to make appeals for pardon, while others were to oppose it with all the power and eloquence at their command.

One of the most forceful and eloquent arguments was made by Judge James McCafferty, who left untouched no detail that could add strength to his effort. He made an especially effective point when he recited an instance of a terrible tragedy enacted in a Minnesota county. A certain man living at a little town had murdered his wife, chopped her body into pieces, placed them in a box and put it under the floor for concealment. The night following

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the day of the diabolical deed he invited a number of his neighbors to a party at his house. These men and women, innocent of any knowledge or even suspicion of the ghastly crime, danced above the mutilated corpse of the wife, whose absence from the revel was cunningly explained by the guilty husband. He himself was among the gayest of all that company.

Some days later a sickening stench from the premises attracted attention, investigation was made, the hidden body was found, and the murderer, who had fled in the meantime, was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the Stillwater penitentiary for life. After having served only eight years, a pardon was granted him by Gov. Merriam—the man who had so inconsistently refused to grant clemency to Bob Younger, who had served thirteen years in the same prison, and none of whose crimes had ever approached in atrocity this other one.

Col. Norrish, of Hastings, Minnesota, who had been a member of the board of prison officials; and Mayor Smith, of St. Paul, made stirring appeals for the pardon.

County Attorney A. L. Keyes and Mayor A. D. Keyes, of Faribault, appeared before

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the board and made earnest pleas against pardon. In his remarks, Mayor Keyes said:

"There are three things we want to know, and Cole and Jim Younger can tell us about them better than anyone else. These three things are:

"First, was Frank James in the bank on the day of the robbery?

"Second, who was the last man who left the bank?

"Third, who was the man who rode the buckskin horse?"

Gov. Clough here interposed and asked what these questions had to do with the matter. The James boys were not on trial.

Mr. Keyes explained that the last man to leave the bank on the day of the robbery was the man who killed Cashier Heywood, and the Younger brothers knew who that man was, said Keyes:

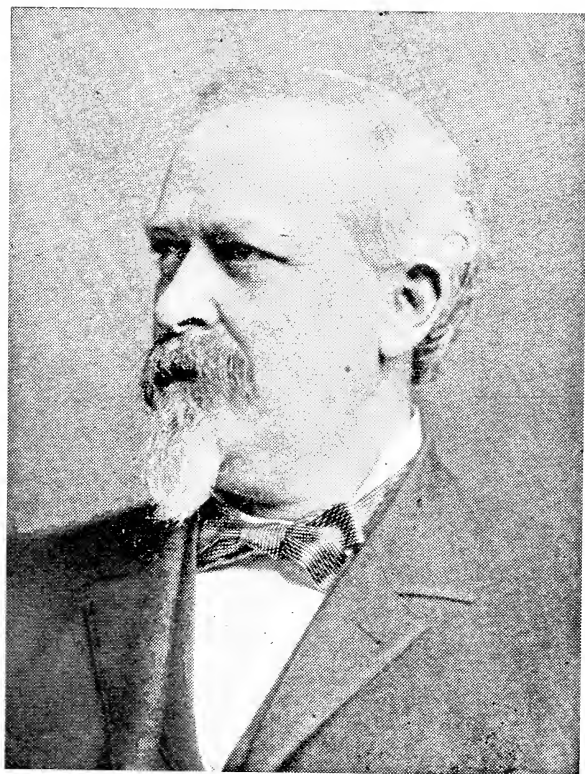
"These men come here and ask for a pardon on the grounds that they have reformed in mind and morals as well as in heart, and they are prepared to become good citizens, if they are released. We claim that it is not too much to ask that they shall remain where they are until they disclose the name of the man who

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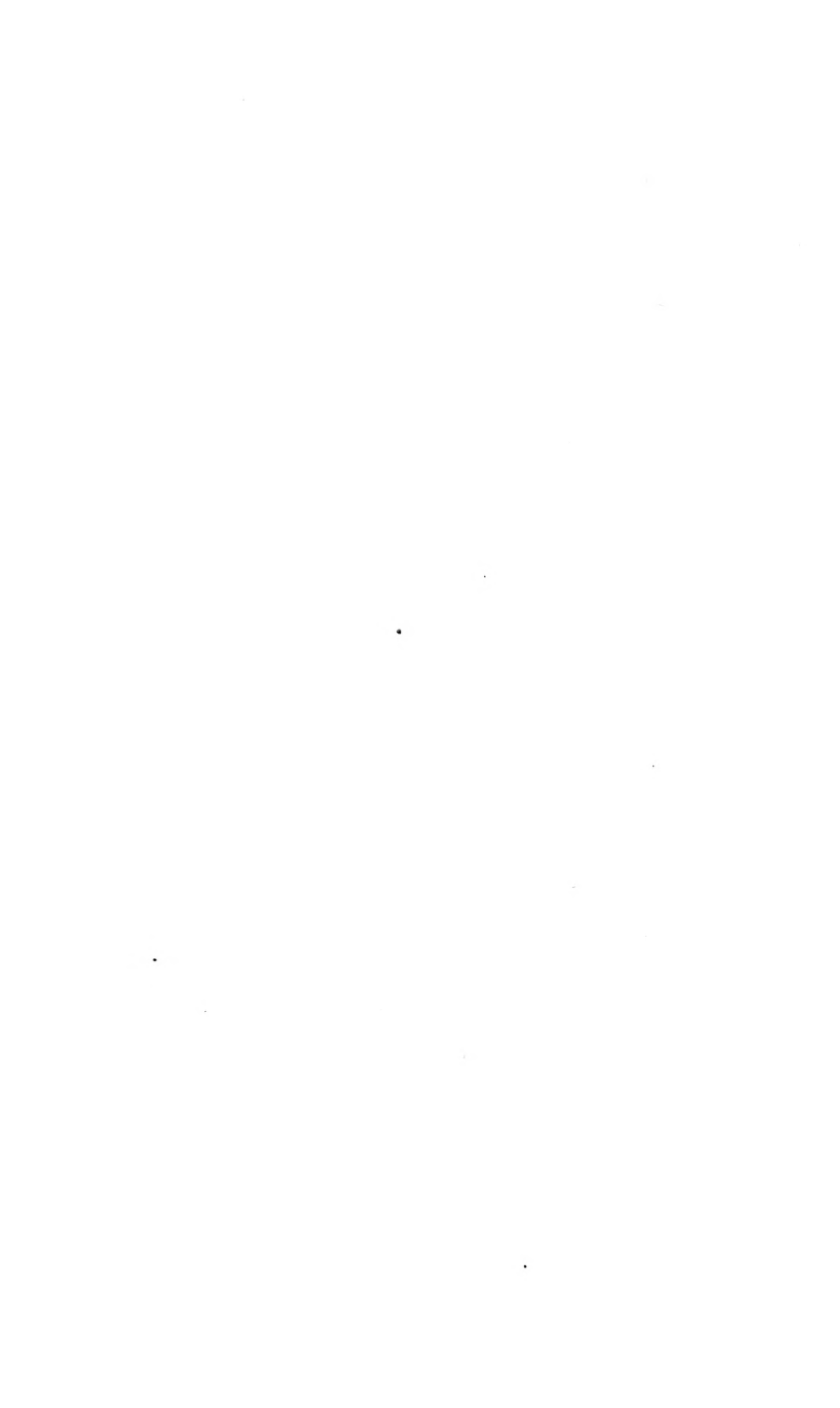
killed Heywood. It is not an element of good citizenship to conceal a murderer. Good faith on their part demands that they disclose the name of the man who killed Cashier Heywood, that the man may be brought back to Minnesota and punished. If the murderer was Frank James, as we are led to believe, then he has never suffered anything for his crime. He has never even been imprisoned, and it is no more than right that he should suffer the penalty in some measure at least. If the Youngers are now the good citizens they claim to be, they would go on the stand and by telling the truth would assist the authorities of this state in bringing the Northfield murderer to justice."

Many affidavits were presented to the board from eyewitnesses of the shooting of the Swede boy, Gustafson, and all stated that Cole Younger has that deed to answer for.

After the affidavits had been filed, charging that it was Cole Younger who shot the Swede at Northfield, there was a good deal said as to the credibility of the witnesses making these. Attorney Baxter visited the vicinity of the killing the morning after it took place and talked with a number of persons residing in that neighborhood. None of them had seen the



JAMES MONROE SEIBERT.



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shooting. The verdict of the coroner's jury was to the effect that Gustafson came to his death by a stray bullet, fired by an unknown party.

This was a strong point made in favor of Cole Younger, and certainly it was a welcome one to his supporters, for the opposition was making a stupendous effort to break down the defense.

Finally it came my turn to make a speech. I had never established a reputation in Missouri or elsewhere as a "spell-binder." I had passed the most of my life in agricultural pursuits and knew far more about crops and cattle and hogs and horses than I did about oratory and rhetoric.

Realizing the magnitude of the task before me and my forensic limitations, I prepared my speech beforehand, assisted by Warden Wolfer. I instructed the typewriter who took it down for dictation, to make the letters as large as a light-house, if she could, so that I might not lose my way. It was an imposing speech, on paper at least, and I set about to become more thoroughly familiar with it. I retired to my room at the hotel, sat up until after 12 o'clock one night, and read that

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thing over thirty-seven times by actual count.

When I arose, therefore, in that august presence and before that large assemblage, with my speech fluttering in my fingers, I experienced a strange and sudden attack of nostalgia. Plain people call it homesickness. But my whole heart was in the cause, and what I may have lacked in eloquence I made up in earnestness.

When the arguments, pro and con, had all been heard, the members of the board were ready to cast their votes. Judge Start, as had been feared, voted in the negative. It was generally understood that his associates favored pardon, but inasmuch as the vote had to be unanimous in order to be valid, Messrs. Clough and Childs made it so.

Contrary to expectations, the board late that night gave out a statement of its reasons for denying pardon. It is as follows:

“While under the law the Board of Pardons is not required to make a statement of its reasons in a case where a pardon is denied, it is, perhaps, just as well that the public should know the grounds on which the Board based its refusal of a pardon to the Youngers. The petitioners in law and in fact were murderers.



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This proposition was established by a plea of guilty and the final judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction. It is the exclusive province of the Legislature to prescribe as punishment for murder, either death or imprisonment.

"The Board of Pardons had no moral right to interfere with this punishment unless there are extenuating circumstances. The character of this crime renders it one absolutely without extenuating circumstances. Even the advocates of a pardon did not venture to suggest that the sentence was not just. No one claimed that there was any injustice done here, and the only reason urged for a pardon meriting serious consideration was the fact of the early environment of the petitioners and that they are now reformed. Their parentage was good. As to their environment, eleven long years passed after the close of the war, and instead of following the example of the men at Appomattox, who accepted in good faith the magnanimous terms offered by Grant, and returned to their homes and the peaceful pursuits of civil life, they became a part of a notorious band of outlaws. The plea that they should be pardoned on the ground of their early en-

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vironment seemed to the Board to be wholly insufficient to warrant their pardon.

“The claim that they are reformed, conceding it to be a fact, if made the basis of their pardon, would require that every life convict who serves twenty-one years should be pardoned. In short, if these petitioners were pardoned, as a matter of fairness, in the case of every person convicted of murder his sentence should be commuted to life imprisonment with the understanding that if he conducted himself properly and reformed, he should be set at liberty at the end of twenty-one years. For the Board to adopt such a policy would be an arbitrary usurpation of irresponsible power which would prove a menace to life and a curse to the state. The highest public interests of the state imperatively required that the application be denied.”

## CHAPTER 21.

### My Letter to the Pioneer Press.

**A**T this time, July 14th, I sent to the editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press the following communication, which appeared in that paper the next morning, over my own name:

“So much has been said for and against the Younger brothers through the press of this state that I desire to make a few explanations with reference to my attitude and the interest I have taken in the case.

“I had hoped that the Board of Pardons, after having carefully considered the history of the Youngers and some of the circumstances connected with the raid at Northfield, and their unparalleled record in prison for good behavior, would in their wisdom grant them a pardon and allow them to go home to spend their remaining years in Missouri among their friends and relatives.

“I believe that if the Board of Pardons knew these men and the penitent spirit now possessing them, they would not hesitate to pardon them out of prison.

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"I am aware that there has been a great deal of newspaper criticism which has reflected very seriously, particularly upon Cole Younger and the part he took at Northfield.

"This is quite elaborately displayed in affidavits read by C. P. Carpenter, of Northfield, before the Board of Pardons, in which they sought to establish the fact that Cole Younger deliberately shot and killed the in-offensive Swede, Gustafson.

"In the make-up of these affidavits the statement previously made by Cole Younger and purporting to be a true statement of what transpired during the robbery at Northfield is used.

"The evident purpose of the affidavits seems to have been to discredit and nullify any favorable influence that might come from the above statement made by Cole Younger.

"I do not want to impugn the honesty of of any of these gentlemen who made these affidavits, although it has been suggested to me by several gentlemen in this state, two of whom are residents of Northfield, that it is passing strange that no one could be found in Northfield immediately after the bank robbery took place who was willing to testify that

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he saw Cole or Jim Younger shoot this inoffensive Swede, or, for that matter, any one else, but twenty-one years later three persons can be found who are willing to come forward and state under oath that they were eye-witnesses to all that took place during the progress of the robbery and that they saw Cole Younger deliberately shoot and kill the Swede.

"I read in this morning's Pioneer Press a copy of a telegram sent to Gov. Clough from G. N. Baxter, who was Prosecuting Attorney at Northfield in 1876, and who prosecuted the Youngers, in which Mr. Baxter states that no one could be found in Northfield at that time who was able to say whether this young Swede was killed by a citizen or robber; that they finally decided that his death was caused by a stray bullet, but were unable to say from which side.

"This plainly indicates to my mind the danger of accepting ex parte statements in form of affidavits.

"Is it possible that these men living at Northfield at that time could not furnish this information when that city, as well as the whole state, was in a condition of excitement

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over the robbery, and all were so anxious to punish the perpetrators to the full extent of the law, and yet after twenty-one years they are able to recall and accurately describe in minutest detail incidents and information that they were unable to give when the facts and incidents were of recent occurrence and were fresh in the memory of those who witnessed them?

"I contend that these affidavits are not only unworthy of public credit when carefully considered, but that they are manifestly unfair to the prisoners.

"These prisoners are unable to defend themselves—they are behind prison walls, deprived of every chance for self-defense.

"I do not wish to speak harshly or to insinuate that these gentlemen intended to give any false testimony, but I can not help thinking that they were induced to draw upon their imagination in the preparation of these affidavits, and that the statements made are entirely unwarranted by the facts. I can not conceive how any man with a living conscience can permit himself to make such an unwarranted thrust at men who are in prison and



DR. J. W. McCLURE,  
Of Sedalia.





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unable to use any of the avenues open to the ordinary citizen for self-defense.

"I hope with all my heart that some of the good citizens of this state will take it into their hands to see that a thorough investigation is made, that in the end the whole truth may be known. It is due to Cole Younger, as well as to the law-abiding and justice-loving people of this state. If he is innocent, as I confidently believe he is, he should be vindicated. If he is guilty of deliberately taking the life of the inoffensive Swede, let the truth be known; but if he is not guilty of this fresh crime of which he has been accused for the first time, twenty-one years after the crime is alleged to have been committed, his innocence should be fully and finally established.

"A great deal of stress is laid upon the fact that Cole Younger failed to give in his statement the name of the man who rode the buckskin horse or who was last in the bank, the claim being made that if he was truly penitent for past misdeeds he would have given full information as to his confederates.

"I do not understand why the people of Northfield should make this claim, inasmuch as it has been frequently asserted that they

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are fully aware who these parties were, and that, acting upon reliable information, a requisition has been made by the Governor of this state upon the Governor of Missouri, over twelve years ago for the body of the prisoner who it was claimed was the only living person, aside from the Youngers, who participated in the bank robbery.

"The Youngers feel, as I would feel under similar circumstances, that it would not redound to their credit as men to put themselves in the position of turning informants for the purpose of securing clemency for themselves. They feel, as I would feel, that they were responsible for their part in the crime committed and should suffer the penalty without attempting to save themselves by turning state's evidence. I honor the Youngers for this position, and I believe that every fair-minded man will do the same.

"I noticed in one of the Minneapolis papers some days ago a communication from a Mr. McMath, who claimed to have been shot by Cole Younger three different times during the war; that after he had been shot from his horse Cole Younger directed one of the men under his command to knock his brains out with a stone.

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"I have lived in Missouri all my life, I know the Youngers thoroughly, am acquainted with their family history and the part the Youngers took during the war in the Confederate service. I know and can prove that the Youngers were never guilty of any unsoldierly conduct. The numerous letters on file before the Board of Pardons have fully established this, and this testimony is given not by Confederate soldiers and officers, but by Union men of unquestioned veracity, some of whom were Federal officers in the army and are holding positions of great responsibility in public life to-day.

"Foremost among them I will mention United States Senator S. B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and Maj. Emory S. Foster, of St. Louis. Both of these not only testified that the Younger brothers were never guilty of any unsoldierly conduct during the war, but that upon several occasions they used their influence and power to stay the bloodthirsty disposition on the part of some of their comrades on the battlefield. That they were indebted to the Youngers for their lives, and had it not been for vigorous interference by the Younger brothers in their behalf, neither of them would

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be alive to plead for the prisoners at this time.

"I submit that this is ample proof that the bloodthirsty story told by Mr. McMath of Minneapolis has been wholly drawn from his imagination and has no foundation in fact.

"The relatives and friends of the Youngers in Missouri will deeply lament our failure in securing their pardon. We felt confident that the justice of our cause would receive recognition and the prayers so earnestly made by a sister state would be answered. I believe, however, that the members composing the Board of Pardons were honest and conscientious in giving their decision, that they believed it for the best interests of society that these men should be longer continued in prison and submitted to indefinite punishment.

"It is a sad case. I feel it very keenly, and I cannot help thinking but that in some way and somehow God in His own time and in His inscrutable province will help these good men to see their way clear to grant them a pardon. Both of the Youngers are rapidly approaching old age; at best they have not many years to live. I know, as every one else knows, who has come in contact with them, that they have fully repented of past misdeeds and are

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sincerely sorry for every wrong act they have ever committed.

"We shall return to our homes and meet our friends in sorrow. If it is the will of the good people of Minnesota to keep these men in prison until they are ripe for the grave, their will is law. We have done our best.

"We leave the field with regret, but we hope that the good people of this state, unasked and unsolicited by us at any future time, will determine that the limit of punishment should be fixed, and that there may be a ray of hope spanning their horizon—a hope that sometime before the grim reaper shall claim them for his own, they may be liberated and allowed to return to their homes to die among their friends and relatives."

## CHAPTER 22.

### Newspaper Comments.

**T**O show the extremely hostile sentiment, especially at Northfield, the following editorial from the News, of that city, is given:

“The action of the Board of Pardons in the case of the Youngers receives our warmest commendation. We would almost say that we congratulate the members of the board, but we do not think that congratulations are in order, when men are called upon to do their duty. The heavy pressure brought to bear upon the board by the presentation of numerous petitions amounted to naught when confronted by the statements of citizens who were eyewitnesses to the most daring and cowardly robbery ever attempted in the history of the state. The setting at liberty of these men would mean more than the average individual comprehends.

“In the first place, society would be none the better if they were released, and although we do not believe that they would again engage in their old pursuits, if liberated, yet we

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can not help but say, and say frankly, that the effect the pardon would have on other evil-doers would be in time dangerous.

“What was it that prompted the crowd of men at Glencoe to hang the murderers of Sheriff Rodgers? They were afraid the law would not give the criminals their just deserts. The Youngers pleaded guilty of murder at Faribault twenty-one years ago, and under the construction of the law at that time they took life imprisonment for doing so. Life imprisonment does not mean ten years, nor twenty years, but during the time of their natural lives.

“We are very glad to know that the Youngers have behaved themselves while in prison—it is something they did not do out of it—and besides, what is there in state’s prison to do but behave? They say they are thoroughly reformed and it has even been intimated that they are Christians. If this is the case, is it good Christianity to assist a fugitive to escape justice? No good citizen or Christian could do that. Is this not what they are doing by refusing to tell who left the bank last or who rode the buckskin horse?

“The Board of Pardons of the State of Min-

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nesota has said that our laws must be obeyed and they must be enforced and this will spread as broadcast over the land as the news of the raid twenty-one years ago. If we have laws they should be respected, and we have every reason to believe that they will be. Let life sentence mean what it says."

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The St. Paul Globe contained the following editorial:

"It is evident that this movement to secure the release of the Youngers has been too carefully organized and too shrewdly carried out not to have behind it some assurance of success. Ever since these men were sentenced for their crime there has been an almost unrelenting endeavor to save them from the punishment of their crimes. The manner in which the latest form of this has been blazoned to the public, the careful distribution of such matter as would tell in their favor to all the newspapers and the strong endorsements obtained and sprung in the nature of a sensation, all indicate a campaign ably planned and confident of success. It is significant, too, that many of those who up to this time, have started up in righteous wrath at the mere mention of a pos-





REV. THOS. M. COBB,  
Of Lexington, Missouri.



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sible pardon for the Youngers have now had the sharp edge of their resistance worn away and by dint of sheer importunity, are persuaded to take the side of an easy-going sentimentalism."

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A special correspondent for the Boonville Advertiser, one of the oldest and most influential newspapers in Missouri, writing from Jefferson City, said:

"Whatever may be thought of the guilt or innocence of the Younger boys—whether we believe them devils incarnate or martyrs to the Civil War—there is a general feeling of admiration here, as everywhere, for the spirit of friendship manifested by those who have labored to secure the pardon of these men now in the Minnesota penitentiary. Call it mockish sentimentality or blind hero worship, or what you will, it still remains eternally true that he who stands by his friends in misfortune, in distress, in disgrace, caring not whether he be alone or one of many in their defense, is worthy of all honor and praise.

"There is a Missourian who has ridden farther and labored harder than any other in behalf of these men. And this without reflection upon others who have done much. Holding friendship sacred, and for the sake of that

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stalwart companionship born always of the bivouac and the battlefield, he has poured out in their behalf his money like water and has spent his time most prodigiously.

"In securing names for the petition for pardon, he canvassed the entire west, and presented to the Governor of Minnesota a document unequalled in criminal literature, for upon it were the autographs of men high in authority and influence and position, scattered over several states. To secure these, he argued with some—earnestly and quietly and softly—to others he merely stated the case. Again, he pleaded eloquently and splendidly. The echo of his resonant voice has scarcely died away in Jefferson City even now. Withal, he was open and manly and straightforward, as a gentleman should be, and a brave man.

"It takes a gentleman to be a friend like this—gallant, noble, tender and true. Such a man is W. C. Bronaugh, of Henry county. In these days of sycophants of flatterers and hypocrites and humbugs, how refreshing it is to meet a man like this to whom friendship means something more than empty phrase. That he is a Missourian of the Bourbon type goes without saying. Of such stuff are true friends made."

## CHAPTER 23.

### Another Failure.

**A**FTER our great effort on this occasion had failed and the future looked very dark for further action, Mr. Jones and I took our departure for Stillwater, where we became the guests of Warden Wolfer. I shall never forget the great hospitality of this large-hearted gentleman. He left nothing undone to add to our pleasure and comfort, and our sojourn under his roof will ever be most agreeable to recall.

From Stillwater Mr. Jones and I went to Minneapolis, where we were entertained by Dr. Bebee, who had been a physician at the penitentiary. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Youngers, and he and Cole were on particularly good terms.

In honor of the expected parole of Cole and Jim by the Board, the proceedings before which I have narrated, a brother-in-law of Dr. Bebee's, rich and hospitable, had prepared a supper at his elegant home in Minne-

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apolis. It was intended that the two Youngers should be guests of honor, and when it was learned that owing to the adverse decision of the Board they would be unable to be present, the host was sadly disappointed. However, the supper went on and I had the great honor of being made the principal guest, as I was looked upon as the next best friend of the unfortunate absentees.

The next day Mr. Jones and I returned to St. Paul and called on Gov. Clough. The Younger matter was brought up and the Governor, in a very sober and sincere manner, said:

"It was a great mistake that I did not sign the pardon of Cole and Jim when I was urged to do so by yourself, Dunn and others. I have but one time to regret my action, and that will be all my life."

In this utterance, Gov. Clough undoubtedly voiced the deep sentiment of his heart. His peculiar tone and manner of expression plainly indicated this.

In the Minnesota General Assembly of 1899 a bill was introduced, granting an absolute pardon to the Youngers. It was bravely and ably championed by ex-Attorney-General

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George P. Wilson, who was then serving as a State Senator. This measure passed the Senate by a vote of forty-eight yeas to five noes, but was badly defeated in the house.

Baffled and blocked again, when such powerful influences had been brought to bear, and when victory at times seemed to be assured, it was little wonder that the result of this latest test was another heavy disappointment to all who desired the release of the Missouri prisoners at Stillwater.

Between the years 1899 and 1901 I continued the agitation in my own state, and also maintained a correspondence with friends in the far north. In 1901 the famous Deming Bill, paroling the Youngers, was introduced in the Minnesota legislature and passed both houses. This was by all odds the most advanced step toward ultimate victory that had yet been made, after so many weary years of travel and toil, and of hope deferred. But right in the path of this bill loomed and stood a formidable obstacle that must yet be overcome ere the consummation of the plan that I had formed and fought for. The bill must be submitted for approval to the Board of Prison Officials, composed of five members.

June 6, 1901, these gentlemen held an offi-

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cial meeting and approved the parole bill without a dissenting voice. In the main the bill read as follows:

“Be it enacted by the legislature of the State of Minnesota:

“Section 1. That section 7510 of the 1894 General Statutes of the State of Minnesota be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

“Section 7510. The board of managers of the Minnesota state prison shall have authority, under such rules and regulations as the Governor may prescribe, to issue a parole to any prisoner who is now, or hereafter may be, imprisoned in said state prison, whether committed on a time sentence or on the reformatory plan, or for life; provided,

“1. That no convict shall be paroled who is known to have served previous sentence in any prison for felony.

“2. That no convict who is serving a time sentence shall be paroled until he shall have served at least one-half of the full term for which he was sentenced, not reckoning any good time.

“3. That no convict who is serving under life sentence shall be paroled until he shall



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have served under such sentence thirty-five (35) years, less the diminution which he would have been allowed by law for good conduct had he been sentenced for a term of thirty-five (35) years.

“That no such life convict shall be paroled under the provisions of this act without the unanimous consent of the Governor in writing, nor unless it appears to the board of managers that there is a strong and reasonable probability that he will live and remain at liberty without violating the law, and that his release is not incompatible with the welfare of society.

“Geographical parole limits may be fixed in each such case wholly within or extending beyond this state, which limits may be enlarged or reduced, according to the conduct of the prisoner so paroled.

“4. That such convicts, while on parole, shall remain in the legal custody and under the control of the board of managers, and subject at any time to be taken back within the inclosure of said prison; and full power to retake and reimprison any convict so upon parole is hereby conferred upon said board whose written order, certified by the warden,

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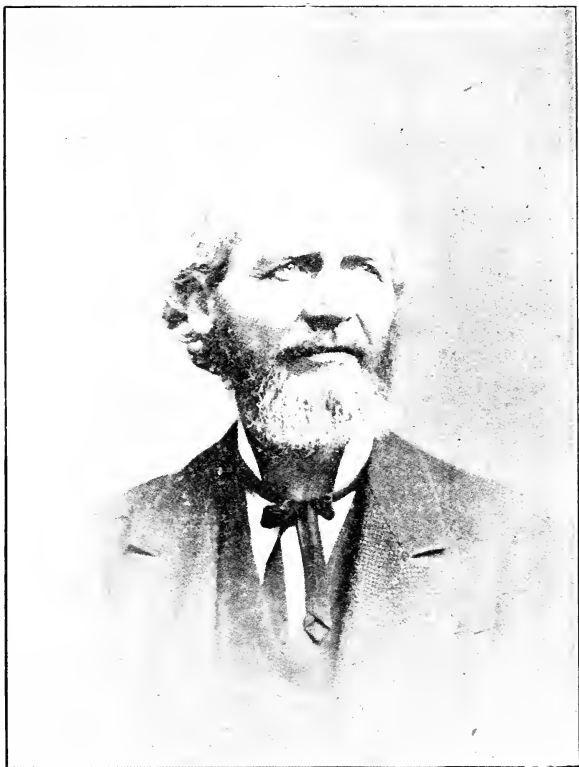
shall be sufficient warrant for all officers named in it to authorize such officers to return to actual custody any conditionally released or paroled prisoner; and it is hereby made the duty of all officers to execute said order the same as ordinary criminal process.

"5. That in considering applications for parole, it shall be unlawful for the board of managers of the state reformatory to entertain any petition, receive any written communication, or hear any argument from any attorney, or other person not connected with the said prison or reformatory, in favor of the conditional pardon of any prisoner; but the said board of managers may, if they deem proper, institute inquiries by correspondence, or otherwise, as to the previous history or character of any prisoner."

In a letter written to me by the Hon. C. P. Deming, dated Minneapolis, Minn., July 9, 1903, he said:

"I never did any work that I more firmly believed in, nor did it more unselfishly than I performed my part in this. The people as a whole believed in it, but some were very bitter against us who worked for the measure.

"As you intimate, the work had been going



JUDGE R. A. MOTT,  
Who Wrote the First Minnesota Letter for Pardon.



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on for twenty years, and when I held in my hand in that legislature on the day the bill passed, the letters of such men as Gov. Marshall, Bishops Whipple and Gilbert, Gen. Sibley, Alexander Ramsey, and others, I felt that the members must listen to such men. Most of those men were dead and their memories were dearly cherished by the people of Minnesota. I reminded them that could those men appear to-day they would be granted any favor they might ask and in quoting the words used only a short time before his death, of Cushman K. Davis, 'Men can benefit those that come after them more than they can benefit those that are with them, and of all the pulpits from which the human voice is ever sent there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave,' I felt that I had the most powerful argument that could be presented. So it is not the work that we did that day alone that passed the bill, but the work that had been going on for years."

June 8th of that same year I went to Minneapolis and called on Senator Wilson, whose office was in the Lumber Exchange building. It was the first time we had ever come face to face. After I had made myself and my mission

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known, and had engaged in a brief preliminary conversation, Senator Wilson suggested that I should meet a number of the members of the legislature, which had just finally adjourned. I gladly consented and he arranged such a meeting to be held in his law apartments at three o'clock that afternoon. Among the members of the assembly whose acquaintance I had the honor of forming on that occasion were Senator Stockwell and Representative Deming, the latter of whom was the author of the bill bearing his name and which had so much to do with opening the prison gates at Stillwater.

At this gathering Senator Wilson remarked that he had recently had a talk with Governor Van Sant, on Decoration Day, and the Governor had told him that he (Van Sant) had lately received a letter from an attorney of Sedalia, Missouri, bitterly opposing the pardon of the Youngers. The name of this lawyer was not given me, and I can only surmise his identity.

In speaking of this letter, Sen. Wilson said he feared its influence on the pardoning board and he would advise me, in order to counteract the harm it might do, to set to work at

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once to prevent it; that on my return home I should secure all the letters I could for presentation to the board before its next meeting, July 8th, when perhaps the fate of the Youngers would be finally settled. Especially, continued the Senator, should I get as strong letters as possible from Governors Stone and Dockery, addressed to Governor Van Sant; one from my Attorney-General to Attorney-General Douglas; one from my Chief Justice to Chief Justice Start, and one from Maj. William Warner, of Kansas City addressed to the Board of Pardons.

Returning to Missouri, I secured all these letters and was again in St. Paul with them by July 7, 1901, ready for the meeting of the board, which was to be held the next day.

Among these was a joint letter addressed to the pardoning board and signed by nearly every attorney in the city of Sedalia, Missouri; and also another joint letter signed by nearly every bank president and cashier there. At my request the Hon. William D. Steele, a distinguished lawyer of that city, devoted his personal attention and efforts to the task of obtaining these valuable documents.

## CHAPTER 24.

### Favorable Action at Last.

**F**ROM the 8th to the 10th of July, 1901, the Board was occupied in considering applications for pardon, to the number of forty. These applications had little interest other than of a local nature.

Upon my arrival in St. Paul I went directly to the Merchants' Hotel and registered as "W. C. Carter, Dallas, Texas." I did not, for obvious reasons, wish my presence in the city to become known to the public, and I succeeded in my purpose.

On the 10th of the month all was in readiness for the Board to take up the application of Cole and Jim Younger for a parole. Everybody was on the alert. It was the all absorbing sensation of the hour. Little else but the fate of the boys was talked about. It was the chief topic of gossip, comment, and speculation at the hotels, in homes and business houses, on the streets and elsewhere. The future destiny of the two prisoners was to be



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decided within probably the next few hours. Were they again to be allowed to breathe the blessed air of freedom or linger on behind those iron bars that had shut them away from the outside world for so many dark and dismal years, until the merciful messenger of death, knowing neither courts of law nor boards of pardon, should release them?

In order to preserve my incognito and be near the scene of proceedings I stepped into an ice cream parlor which stood just across the street from the capitol. My good friend, State Auditor Dunn, kindly offered to keep me informed as to the course of events. He was so thoroughly acquainted with everybody and had access to such sources of information that I knew nothing could escape his attention.

From my coign of vantage I could see through the windows of the capitol what was going on in the room where the Board was in session, but I could not hear what was said.

Presently, Mr. Dunn returned to me and said that as no decision would likely be reached before the afternoon, for me to go and get my dinner. I complied and went to a nearby restaurant, where I gave an order to a waiter. She disappeared behind a door to execute the order

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and I was sitting at a table, nervous and impatient, when the faithful Dunn stepped in and gave me a lively slap on the shoulder. The next instant he announced the joyful news that the Board had signed the parole.

I do not know which was the more overcome with emotion and excitement—Dunn or myself.

I tarried in the restaurant only long enough to countermand the order for my dinner, as it had not been served yet, and I did not think at that supreme moment very much about the small matter of eating.

My first impulse was to flash the glad tidings over the wires to anxious friends in Missouri and I immediately hastened to the Pioneer Press Building, where I wrote out and dispatched twenty-five telegrams. The reader may well understand that it was a "rush" order.

The next thing for me to do was to hurry to Stillwater and share with the boys the joyful news of their good luck.

What a happy moment it would be to me! The struggle of the long past would all be forgotten by them and myself in this message of emancipation.

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The parole was the subject of editorial comment by papers throughout the United States. With few exceptions it was generously endorsed and the Board were highly commended. The St. Paul Pioneer Press, July 18th, had the following to say:

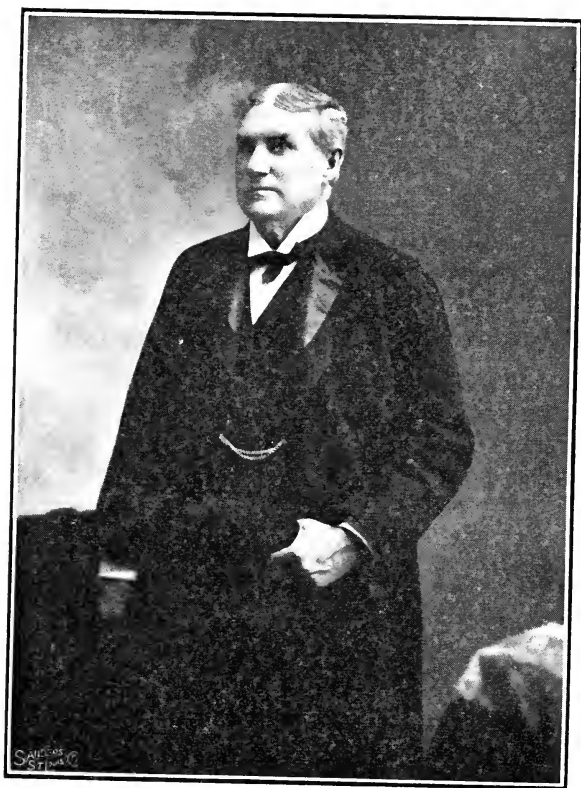
“The parole of the Youngers is one of those acts of mercy which is twice blessed. It blesteth him that gives and him that takes. It will be approved by public sentiment throughout the state. It is worthy of note that no one appeared before the Board of Pardons, in person or by written remonstrance, to enter protest against this mitigation of the penalty of the law. Even those who most bitterly opposed the pardon of these men could find no reasonable ground for objecting to their release from prison on parole. They are still prisoners subject to the control and surveillance of the prison authorities. There has for several years been a distinct change in the attitude of public sentiment. Not that time has softened the general indignation at the crime or crimes of which they were guilty. But the men themselves have changed. They are not the Younger boys who nearly twenty-five years ago be-

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longed to the gang of highwaymen and desperadoes who raided Northfield, undertook to rob a bank there, and shot the cashier in cold blood. They are called by the same name. But they are not the same persons. They are wholly different from the Younger boys of 1876 in character, in all that constitutes moral personality.

"The change is not one of metamorphosis, however. It is a change of development. For it has become evident that these men were not radically vicious or depraved, that in their normal elements of character they were brave and kind and just and generous and loyal-hearted. They were led astray by their associations, by the fierce passions aroused by the partisan warfare, in which they became involved in the conflict of parties during the Civil War in Missouri. In those perturbed times, to the adventurous impetuosity of youth the steps were short from soldiers to guerillas, and from hunted proscribed guerillas to highwaymen and freebooters. It was the merciless politics of the period that made them outlaws.

"A quarter of a century has passed since then. The wild, hot-blooded boys have become old men. But when the prison doors shut out



MAJOR JOHN L. BITTINGER,  
Of St. Joseph.



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the past and they bade the world good-bye forever, they seem to have bidden farewell also to all the devils in their blood. For their conduct from the first has been exemplary. Reformation was not difficult for them. They have simply acted out their natural impulses, which were those of honest, sincere, and loyal gentlemen. Those who knew them most intimately are those who esteem them most highly. The uniform testimony of all the prison wardens is not merely to their good behavior — their record in this respect being without a blemish during twenty-five years — but to the good character which prompted their good behavior.

“There need be no fear that these men will break their parole or do anything to disappoint the confidence of their friends. There is nothing of the sneak or hypocrite about them. They are ten times better men than most of those whose unrelenting vindictiveness would have denied to their declining years the poor solace of being prisoners on parole.”

## CHAPTER 25.

### The Release.

THE following telegram to the Kansas City Star of July 11th, by its special correspondent, gives a graphic account of the conversation and scenes when I reached the prison:

"I said I'd be the first Missourian to shake hands with you, Cole," said Captain Bronaugh, who was having some difficulty in restraining his emotions.

"You sure are," said Cole, and they shook hands again.

"When did you come up?" Cole asked.

"Monday," said Bronaugh, "but I have been keeping quiet."

"Well, I reckon (Cole Younger habitually says "I reckon") you'll keep your promise and walk down the prison steps between us?"

"You bet I will, and I would have waited twenty-five years more to do it."

"Reckon they know all about it up in St. Paul?" Cole queried.

"Yes, got extra papers with it in."



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"Reckon they know it in Jackson."

"Yes, you bet."

Cole chuckled again, his grin broadening until it almost reached his ears.

"When are you going out?" his friend asked next.

"Reckon not until to-morrow; you know we have not heard anything officially yet. Bronaugh, did you send any telegrams to Missouri?"

"Lot of 'em, and not a one to anybody that was not your friend."

"I sent one myself," said Cole.

"Who to?"

"Lizzie Daniels, down at Harrisonville. You know I knew her when she was a little child—so high. She's a noble girl, too," and then he added with another chuckle, "Good Methodist, too."

"How's everybody? How's Dr. McClure? Have you seen him lately Bronaugh?"

Bronaugh said Dr. McClure was all right, and just then Jim Younger, clothed in a neat suit of gray, walked into the room. His clothes were the prison uniform, but they were extremely neat and fitted his form so closely that he looked like a big infantry sergeant.

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"Hello, Bronaugh."

"Hello."

"When did you get in?"

"I came in to get you out."

Jim shook hands all around and then the three fell to talking about the parole and what the requirements would be. A St. Paul reporter said he would return later and get an interview.

"Better get all your interviews now, sonny, I reckon," said Cole, "because when I leave the prison I'm never going to be interviewed by any reporters. — I am done with interviews. Mind you, I ain't got nothing against any reporter or any newspaper or anybody, but, boys, the past is dead to me."

The old convict lifted his eyes toward the ceiling. There was a tinge of reverence in his voice. "The past is dead to me. When I go out of prison walls, I go out a changed man. No, get all you interviews now, for when I go out my lips are sealed."

His eyes flashed from one to the other of the group. To men standing about him, there was no doubt that he meant what he said.

"But we want to see how you will take the open air," several reporters remarked.

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"That'll be all right, boys," said Cole. "Things will be new to me. You see I've been here a powerful long time and I reckon there have been changes. That'll be all right, but nothing about prison or the past."

An hour after the Youngers were notified of their parole yesterday, Capt. Bronaugh, of Missouri, and the reporters arrived at the prison. Deputy Warden Jack Glennon, who used to play in the old Comique Theater, in Kansas City, said he would take the responsibility of showing the visitors into the prison and allowing them a conversation with Cole and Jim. The visitors had scarcely entered the Deputy warden's office when Cole Younger's big form filled the door. His usually florid face was pale and the lack of color accentuated the freckles that set off his cheeks and forehead. He glanced quickly from one to another of the group and then almost springing forward he grasped Capt. Bronaugh's hands.

"Well, well, well," was the exclamation from the two, as they stood shaking each other's hands.

"How is it, Bronaugh?" Cole asked.

"It's all right, Cole, all right, old man," replied Bronaugh.

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Neither seemed able to think of anything to say, except, "Well! Well!" and "It's all right."

Finally a broad grin stole across Cole's face and he reached for the hand of the reporter for the Star.

"And how's everything in old Jackson county?" he asked.

"Jackson's all right. How are you feeling?"

Younger had held the reporter's hand so tightly in his giant grasp that almost all the fingers were aching.

"I feel just like a Methodist," Cole said finally. "You know, when Methodists begin to feel good they want to shake hands with everybody. I feel like shaking hands with the whole world. As I stand here today, I ain't got a grudge against any human being alive or dead. Men, I'm happy."

The color came back to the big man's face and he chuckled until his fat sides shook.

"You told me seventeen years ago, Bronaugh," he continued, "that all we had to do was to live and be good and some day we would get out. It's come, and it's surely a happy day."

Turning to the reporters he said: "Bronaugh's a Methodist — regular old hand-shaker

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himself. Shake again, Bronaugh," and Bronaugh shook.

At ten o'clock Sunday morning, the Younger brothers were released. Immediately after chapel services while Cole Younger — head nurse — was at his accustomed post in the prison hospital, and Jim — librarian and postman, was in the library — each was informed that he was wanted "down in front." They supposed that they were to see a visitor in the reception room. But the brothers met a deputy warden, who handed them each a suit of civilian clothes and a telescope grip. "Put these clothes on," said the warden. And he added, "You won't have to go back."

The brothers put the clothes on without delay. Then they walked down in town in company with local newspaper men. Few people recognized Cole and Jim. After dinner at the prison office, the brothers, Warden Wolfer and others enjoyed a naphtha launch excursion on Lake St. Croix.

When the Youngers had changed their clothes they walked leisurely into the reception room, somewhat to the surprise of several newspaper correspondents, who hurried away to spread the news. Cole and Jim

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strolled out of the main entrance of the prison, and walked down town for the first time in twenty-five years.

It was a hot day in Stillwater yesterday, but the Youngers didn't look for the shady side of the street and they never mentioned the weather. The brothers walked a block without saying a word. Then somebody inquired:

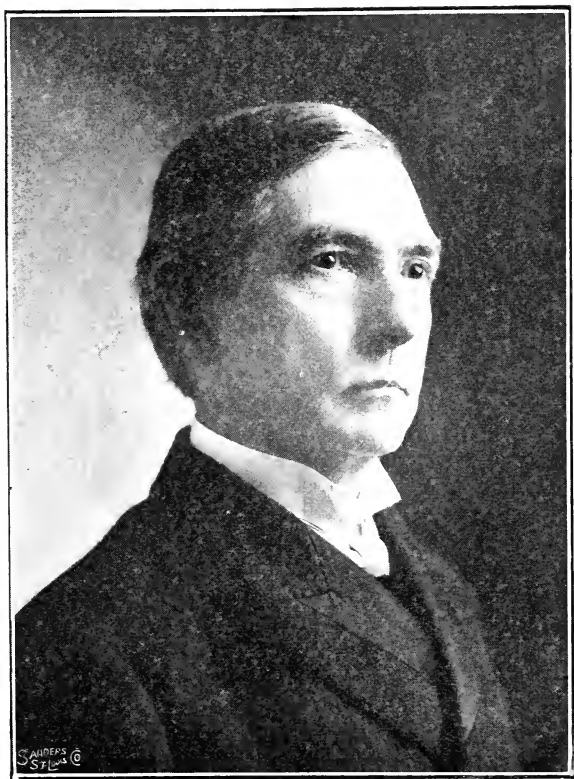
"What do you think of it, Cole?"

"Well," replied the big fellow earnestly, "I thank heaven for this, and the friends that did so much to help us."

"I don't know what I thought," said Jim afterwards. I've been keeping my feelings in check so long, ready to meet anything, that I'm afraid I didn't let myself out. But it didn't hurt me a bit."

Cole, the taller and larger of the two, wore a dark blue serge suit, a blue and white shirt, a white turn-down collar, a gray silk four-in-hand tie, a black felt hat, with wide brim, and calf shoes. Jim's suit was dark gray, his shirt pink and white, his four-in-hand a blue polka-dot, his hat a Fedora straw.

The brothers passed a former guard at the prison. He had seen them daily year after year. But yesterday he did not recognize



UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE.





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them. They passed a physician who had practiced in the prison hospital for ten years. Cole, who has himself, as head nurse, administered thousands of the doctor's prescriptions, touched him on the sleeve. He glanced up, but did not know the brothers in their unusual role. Very few persons, indeed, that the Youngers met in the town where they have been earnestly discussed for a quarter of a century, recognized the men whose fortunes had proved so interesting. The party entered a cigar store and somebody whispered, "It's Cole and Jim." The front door proved at once inadequate for the demands of the traffic, and the brothers hurried out to escape the crowd.

Returning to the prison after half an hour's absence, the Youngers lunched with Representative J. W. Phillips, of Minneapolis, in the Warden's dining-room.

At one o'clock the Youngers, Warden Wolf-er, Deputy Warden Glennon, and Superintendent Kilbourne, of the Rochester Hospital for the Insane, took a boat ride on Lake St. Croix, as guests of R. H. Brunson, Vice-President of the First National Bank of Stillwater and the local member of the State's Prison Board of Managers. The party passed more than three hours on the lake.

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"I'm afraid we broke our parole," said Cole, "by getting across the middle of the lake into Wisconsin."

But when Jim steered the boat during a good part of the trip, she kept close to the Minnesota shore. Mr. Brunson had a small rifle aboard, with which several of the passengers came near hitting things. But Cole and Jim didn't fire a shot.

"I tell you," declared Cole, smiling his cheeriest, after the trip had ended, "It was the finest outing I ever had in my life. Wasn't it, Jim?"

## CHAPTER 26.

### The Parole Bill.

**T**HE following is the full text of the parole agreement:

“Know All Men by These Presents: That the Board of Managers of the Minnesota State Prison, desiring to test the ability of T. C. Younger, an inmate of said prison, to refrain from crime and lead an honorable life, do, by virtue of the authority conferred upon them by law, hereby parole the said T. C. Younger, and allow him to go on parole outside the buildings and enclosure of said prison, but not outside of the State of Minnesota, subject, however, to the following rules, regulations and conditions, as made and provided by law, and by the rules governing the conduct of life prisoners while on parole:

“First. He shall not exhibit himself in any dime museum, circus, theater, opera-house, or any other place of public amusement or assembly, where a charge is made for admission.

“Second. He shall proceed at once to the place of employment provided for him, and there remain until further orders.

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“Third. In case he finds it desirable to change his place of employment or residence, he shall first obtain a written consent of the said Board of Managers, through the Warden of said State Prison.

“Fourth. He shall, on the twentieth day of each month, write the Warden of said State Prison, a report of himself, stating whether he had been constantly at work during the last month, and, if not, why not; how much he has earned, and how much he has expended, together with a general statement as to his surroundings and prospects, which must be endorsed by his employer.

“Fifth. He shall in all respects conduct himself honestly, avoid evil associations, obey the law, and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

“Sixth. As soon as possible after reaching his destination he shall report to———, show him his parole, and at once enter upon the employment provided for him.

“Seventh. He shall while on parole remain in the legal custody and under the control of said Board of Managers.

“Eighth. He shall be liable to be retaken

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and again confined within the inclosure of said State Prison for any reason that shall be satisfactory to the Board of Managers, and at their sole discretion.

"Ninth. This parole to take effect and be in force only upon the unanimous consent and approval of the members of the State Board of Pardons, expressed in writing.

"The management of said State Prison has a lively interest in the subject of this parole, and he need not fear or hesitate to freely communicate with the warden, in case he loses his situation, or becomes unable to labor by reason of sickness or other disability.

"Given in duplicate this 6th day of June, 1901, by the managers Minnesota state prison.

"F. W. Temple, "E. W. Wing,

"B. F. Nelson, "R. H. Bronson.

"A. C. Weiss,

"Countersigned: Henry Wolfer, Warden.

"We hereby severally consent to this parole on the conditions therein named.

"Dated July 10, 1901.

"S. R. Van Sant, Governor.

"Charles M. Start,

"Chief Justice Supreme Court.

"Wallace B. Douglass,

"Attorney General."

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The contracts applying to the two brothers are identically the same with the exception of their respective names. The considerations which actuated the members of the board in their determination of this important question are set forth in the following statement, which was given out at the time the decision was announced:

“Upon principle and judicial authority, we are satisfied that chapter 234 of the Laws of 1901 became law, although not approved by the Governor. We also recognize that it is the exclusive province of the legislature to extend the parole system to life convicts, and it has done so subject to certain conditions and limitations. We are satisfied that the petitioners in this case have, by exceptionally good conduct in prison for a quarter of a century, and the evidence they have given of sincere reformation, earned the right to a parole if any life prisoner can do so. The question of the propriety of extending the parole system to life convicts is not for us, but has been determined by the legislature, and we are supposed to give effect to their declared purpose. The evidence presented establishes the facts that the petitioners are entitled to a parole under the

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provisions of the law. In view of these facts, we must either consent to their parole or arbitrarily refuse to give effect to the act.

"It is doubtful whether the duty of acting in the matter of paroling prisoners can constitutionally be imposed by the legislature upon the Chief Justice as a member of the Board of Pardons, but, in view of the great importance of the question at this time, we pass this particular point by.

"S. R. Van Sant,

"Governor.

"Charles M. Start,

"Chief Justice Supreme Court.

"Wallace B. Douglass,

"Attorney General.

"Dated July 10, 1901."

## CHAPTER 27.

### After Stillwater.

**J**ULY 16th the Youngers and I were entertained at the splendid residence of E. J. Schurmeier, No. 99 East Center avenue, St. Paul. The dinner was a most sumptuous one in every appointment and particular. Among the ladies and gentlemen at the table were Mr. and Mrs. Schurmeier, Mr. and Mrs. Grewe, Cole and Jim Younger, B. G. Yates and myself. The party were all in a happy frame of mind and indulged freely and interestingly in jest, anecdote, and reminiscence.

Mrs. Schurmeier and her sister, Mrs. Grewe, were daughters of Dr. Bradford, and formerly resided at Neosho, Newton county, Mo.

The courtly and gallant Yates and Jim Younger sat beside each other at the table.

Yates, it will be remembered, was one of the men under command of Captain Murphy who dared to face the fugitives near Madelia. In the final struggle Yates shot Jim and the load of lead tore through the latter's cheek and upper jaw, knocking out the teeth and fracturing





JAMES H. CAMPBELL,  
President Campbell Live Stock Company,  
St. Louis, Missouri.



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the bone. Men would think from this that these men would be enemies. But not so. Jim, at that meal, which was as fine repast as money could buy, could only swallow liquid food as a result of the injury sustained at the hands of the man beside him. After some hesitation Capt. Yates spoke of that scene in 1876. "Do you remember, Jim," said he, "that day after the fight, when I knelt beside you, wiped the blood away from your mouth and endeavored to bandage your mangled face?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I remember."

Then the two shook hands in a brotherly manner, while a tear glistened in the brave captain's eye.

The next afternoon, shortly before my departure for home, Cole Younger and I made a hurried call at the offices of various St. Paul newspapers and thanked the editors and proprietors for the courtesies they had extended us. We also visited various state officials and acknowledged our indebtedness to them.

Soon after the parole of the Youngers it developed that their efforts to obtain freedom came very near failing at the last minute. Their friends had reckoned all along that Governor Van Sant was clearly in favor of clemency to-

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ward the prisoners and that Charles M. Start, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, would prove the stumbling block if the parole were contested. However, at the supreme moment, it is said Governor Van Sant was the one member of the pardoning board who held back, and it is asserted that he came near to absolutely refusing his signature to it. The Governor did not finally affix his name to the parole until assured that the men would be immediately placed in positions outside the prison and that their introduction to the outer world would be attended by the least publicity and ostentation possible. With the promise of the prison agent and the warden that the actual release of Cole and Jim Younger would be accomplished secretly and that no newspaper reporters would be allowed to attend the "dressing out" ceremony, the Governor finally signed the bill.

A remarkable amount of politics cropped out of the episode and it is said that the chairman of the Republican state committee telephoned Governor Van Sant at the supreme moment, almost demanding that he sign the parole. An overpowering influence was brought to bear on the state's executive to secure the release of

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the prisoners. United States senators, governors, congressmen, judges of the supreme courts, and politicians from various states and territories sent letters urging clemency. These letters, I feel proud to say, were secured by my own personal exertions.

Among them were the following:

---

Judge Leroy B. Valliant, of the Missouri Supreme Court, to Hon. Charles M. Start, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota:

“Permit me to say a few words in behalf of two Missourians now in the penitentiary of your state, viz.: Coleman and James Younger.

“The petitions that have gone from this state to officials in your state in their behalf are signed by persons whose opinion of the crimes for which these men were convicted is not in any degree different from that which the people of Minnesota entertain; but when it comes to the consideration of the question of what mercy is to be shown them, it may be that some of these petitioners better understand the circumstances under which the Youngers became perverted than your people.

“Missouri was a border state, and the Civil

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War was here not merely a strife between parties or sections, but between divided neighbors and kindred; not merely a war of battles in the field, but on the very threshold and under the roofs of their homes; not between armies only, but the blood that flowed was often that of old men, women and children.

“Think of boys leaving home at the most impressionable age, and passing four years of their youth in such a strife, and who can wonder that the bad in them developed to the degree of obscuring the good, and that they seemed for a time altogether bad. But that the good in them, though hidden, was not destroyed, and that it has developed and grown until now they are esteemed by many good people in your state, who know them better than anyone else, you have the proof at your own home; and that there are those in Missouri who knew them in their youth and never lost hope for the development of their better natures, the petitions that have been laid before you show.

“If the conduct of these men has been such as we in Missouri have understood it to have been while in prison, and they have grown into moral and Christian men, then they are the very kind of men to whom humanity and

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Christianity ought to hold out the hand of pardon.

"I believe it would have a wholesome, moral influence on the public, both in your state and Missouri, if the Youngers were now granted a pardon, and I also believe that it would forever be a pleasing reflection to those who do the good deed."

---

Capt. A. A. Lesueur, Secretary of State of Missouri, and now a leading banker in Oklahoma, addressed the Board of Pardons:

"I understand that there is an effort being made to secure at your hands the pardon of Coleman and James Younger. They have been in your penitentiary for over twenty years, and I am told have been model prisoners. It is the belief entertained by many of the best citizens of Missouri that their crimes, which are in no manner excused or condoned, grew out of the unfortunate conditions following a period of internecine war. I have been led to believe that the Coleman and James Younger of to-day, by reason of reading and reflection, not to say anything of advancing years, are absolutely and entirely different persons from those who were convicted. It is my belief that if

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they are released they will return to Missouri to become good and honorable citizens, and that no injurious result will follow. In twenty years of incarceration they have not only had time to reflect and learn, but they have certainly expiated their crime."

---

Chief Justice J. B. Gantt, of the Missouri Supreme Court, wrote to Chief Justice Charles M. Start, of the Minnesota Supreme Court:

"Personal friends of mine, for whose opinion and judgment I have the highest regard, have sought my good offices in behalf of Coleman and James Younger. I never knew either of the prisoners, but in a residence of nearly thirty years have learned the character of their kinsmen in this state, and can assure you they are a law-abiding, worthy people.

"Without extenuating in the least the crime for which they are paying the penalty, in view of their long imprisonment and of their excellent behavior during all that time, I do not hesitate to say that I feel that this is a case in which the pardoning power can properly be exercised.

"I believe the law has been vindicated and that no good purpose can be subserved by their further imprisonment.



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"Knowing the condition of the borderland between the North and South at the close of the war, and that there were terrible provocations on both sides, I think I know the causes which led these young men to desperate deeds, and that while I stand for the law I can pardon human infirmities. Believing they have been taught the full majesty of the law, and having assurances that they will in the future live the lives of good citizens, I commend them to the clemency of the Board of Pardons of your state."

---

Hon. James M. Seibert, then State Auditor of Missouri, and since Excise Commissioner of St. Louis, addressed the Board:

"My personal friend, W. C. Bronaugh, a representative and highly respected citizen of the State of Missouri, informs me that he expects to call upon you soon with a view to securing executive clemency in behalf of Coleman and James Younger.

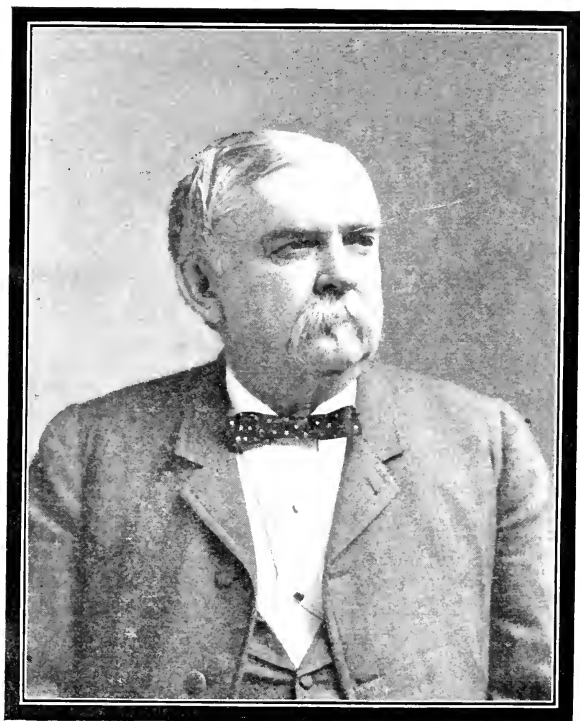
"The good people of Missouri condemn with one accord the crime of which these men were convicted, yet I am sure a very great majority of them feel that the Youngers have now been sufficiently punished and that the majesty of

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your law, in their case, has been fully vindicated. Our people, regardless of condition or party affiliation, I believe, would applaud any act of yours extending to these unfortunate men the mercy of executive clemency. Such, at least, is the idea I get from the utterances of our prominent citizens and the public press.

“Our people are unwilling that any criminal should go unwhipped of justice, as much so in Minnesota as in their own state. They do not believe, however, that these men, if pardoned, would again be dangerous to society. They are now broken in spirit and body and if there be any efficiency in penal servitude as a means of reformation, twenty years certainly ought to have accomplished all the results obtainable through such instrumentality.

“Mr. Bronaugh is fully conversant with the circumstances attending the commission of the crime of which they were convicted, their antecedents here in Missouri, and their present condition, and will present, fully and in detail, their claims to executive clemency. He is a gentleman of the strictest sense of honor, has thoroughly at heart the best interests of society, and I bespeak for the representations he may make to you your earnest consideration.”



UNITED STATES SENATOR G. G. VEST.



## CHAPTER 28.

### Magnitude of the Task.

**T**HE character and magnitude of my undertaking, which resulted in the parole of Cole and Jim Younger, followed by the absolute pardon of Cole, for Jim had died in the meantime by his own hand, is shown in part by the large amount of correspondence it involved, a great deal of which is still in my possession. This correspondence was carried on with many persons in various towns and cities, states and territories and shows the deep and widespread interest which had been aroused in behalf of the Youngers. To publish even half of these letters would require a large volume and many of them would be of little interest to the general reader, so I shall attempt to make use of the extracts from only a few of them.

---

Mrs. L. W. Twyman, of Jackson county, Missouri, an aunt of the prisoners, entered earnestly into the work and wrote to me often. In a letter dated June 27, 1897, she says:

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"I fully appreciate your kindness in the past. I feel that God will bless you for all you have done, and are still doing for the Younger boys. You have been their best friend in all their troubles. I do hope you will succeed in getting them pardoned. You have been a brother to the boys, and they will and do owe you a lifetime gratitude. I hope they will never forget your kindness. They have not written to me for years. I did all I could for them and am willing to do all I can whether they appreciate it or not. I hope God will spare my life to see or know they are free men once more. May God bless you and yours, is the prayer of your true friend."

---

The Reverend J. H. Albert, who for eleven years was the Protestant chaplain at the Stillwater penitentiary, and who was greatly beloved by the three Youngers, became concerned as to their release. October 4, 1893, he wrote me:

"You will probably remember me as Protestant chaplain of the state prison here.

"I take the liberty of writing you on my own responsibility in behalf of the Younger

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brothers. I am anxious to see them out. I know that you will do all for them you can, but can anything be done for them now? They have the impression that there is something being done and that the prospects are favorable. Now, I do not ask to know any of your plans, or what has been or is being done. I have no right to, and it would probably be better I should not know, but can I encourage them to expect something? You have no idea how wearing is the strain in one in prison to be half expecting, and yet time goes on without his hearing anything. You can't imagine how hard it is to meet such a one, week after week, with the same anxious and fading hope. I come home some nights after a visit to the prison almost broken up.

"Do not mention to them that I have written you, but do please tell me if I may encourage them to hope."

---

State Auditor Dunn, of Minnesota, was one of the early and indefatigable advocates of pardon. In a letter of March 22, 1897, he says:

"Rest assured you have my heartfelt sympathy and I will do everything in my power to

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assist you, and I sincerely hope that ere many weeks roll around, the boys will again breath the air of freedom in old Missouri."

---

October 20, 1898, came a letter from Henry W. Ashton, a prominent Chicago lawyer:

"I am informed that you are a friend to Coleman and James Younger, and that you have been interested in endeavoring to secure a pardon for them. I believe that I am in a position to do them some good. I do not wish any remuneration in any way of money for what I may do. What I wish to do is to get in communication with some of the friends of the unfortunate men. In case you are not interested in the matter of helping them, please inform me if you know who is."

---

B. G. Yates, Superintendent of the American District Telegraph Company, at St. Paul, who was one of the heroes at the capture of the Youngers, was an ardent worker and wrote me many letters. July 30, 1899, he said:

"When our legislature meets again we will canvass every man for his influence in this



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matter. I fear, however, we will have to get a new Governor before anything can be accomplished."

---

Warden Henry Wolfer, of Stillwater, was among the most active adherents of the Youngers, and the influence he exerted to accomplish their release was as potent perhaps, as that of any other person. June 9, 1897, he wrote me:

"I received both of your letters of the 17th and 20th of May. I was absent in North Dakota on a visit when they were received at this office. I would have replied sooner, but I desired to wait until after the regular monthly meeting of our board of managers, which occurred yesterday. I requested some official action on the part of the board in behalf of the Younger brothers, and desire to inform you of the result, hence the delay. I am glad to be able to inform you at this writing, that the board of managers have promised me that they will visit the Governor's office in an official body on the date of the meeting of the Board of Pardons, and do and say all they can in favor of pardon for the boys. This will have

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considerable weight with the Board of Pardons. If I can possibly do so, I am going to get Judge Start over here on the 4th of July to deliver the 4th of July oration, and I will see that he has a good long interview with the boys and that he is favorably impressed in every way, if it is possible to accomplish it. I shall also see all the editors of the Twin Cities' papers in the meantime and try to obtain their favorable co-operation, but presume it will be hard to control some of them. There is nothing like trying to do so, however. You may rely upon me doing everything in my power to help this matter to a successful issue, and I hope with all my heart we shall succeed."

---

George W. Bennett, a well-known lawyer of Minneapolis, did a good deal of effective work and wrote me several letters. Soon after war had been declared between Spain and the United States, in 1898, he fathered a rather fantastic scheme for the liberation of Cole Younger. In a letter to me, dated about this time, he proposed that he should see Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Gen. Joseph Wheeler and secure their influence toward the end that Cole might be released in order to serve under

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Lee or Wheeler, as they might desire the services of such an experienced soldier. This idea was chimerical, to say the least, and resulted in nothing.

At this time Bennett wrote me, also, that Cole had informed him Denman Thompson, the actor, of "Old Homestead" fame and fortune, had volunteered to assist him financially.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Thompson did do this in a rather unexpected way. Being in St. Louis one day and having heard he was a great friend of the Youngers, I called on him at the Southern Hotel, where he was stopping, and we privately talked the matter over together. The kind-hearted actor then gave me one hundred dollars in cash to be devoted toward the release of the Younger brothers. He also cordially invited me to visit his play at Havlin's Theatre that evening. I did so, and never enjoyed myself more on any similar occasion.

---

Hon. Geo. P. Wilson, ex-state senator and former attorney-general of Minnesota, wrote me as follows:

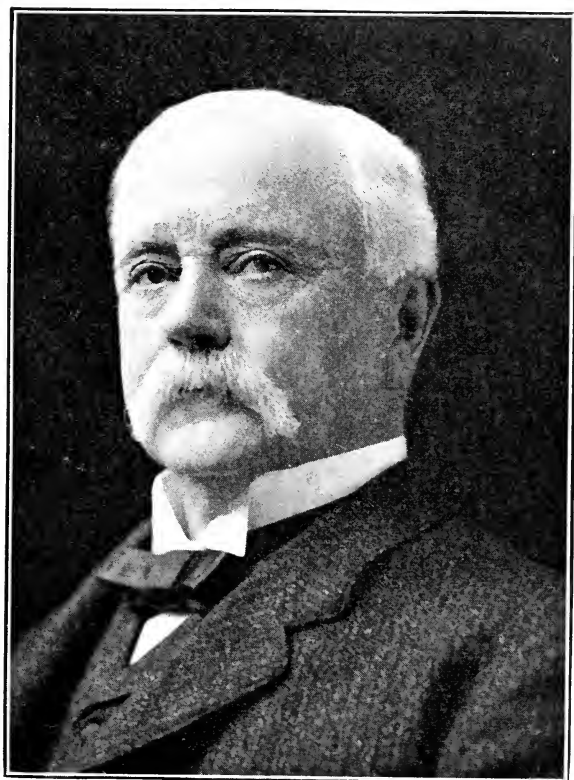
"Dear Sir: Your Kansas City letter just received. Where in Missouri, the lawyer lived

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who wrote Gov. V. protesting against the pardon of the Youngers I do not know, but assuming that, it came from Sedalia, I think it could certainly do no harm and might do good to get the letter from bankers to which you refer. Gov. V. is now, or will be today, and for a week, in Buffalo helping to celebrate Minnesota day, so that ex-Governor Stone's letter will be in ample time. Moreover, I do not expect any action will be taken before the regular meeting in July. We will do what we can at this end of the line. I am very hopeful. I do not know what encouragement Mr. Nelson gave you and Miss Mueller. Will you be up at July meeting? If so, I hope to meet you again.

“Respectfully yours,

“Geo. P. Wilson.”



JUDGE JOHN F. PHILIPS.



## CHAPTER 29.

### A Romance Prior to Northfield.

**A**MONGST the mass of correspondence in my possession is a romance out of the raid on the Northfield bank. Novelists and playwrights succeed in best entertaining the public by skillfully intermingling the elements of romance and tragedy, drawn from real or imaginary sources. The golden threads of love are woven with the dark skeins of intrigue, conspiracy and blood. "Fact is stranger than action," and ever has been so the world over. On this foundation are built the books and the plays that thrill and enthrall.

According to Cole Younger's statement to reporter for the Cincinnati Enquirer, he and his companions made their rendezvous at the little town of St. Peters, Minnesota, for some days before their descent upon Northfield, in September, 1876. At any rate, Cole remained there a week or more and it was during that time that he became acquainted with a little girl bearing the odd name of Horace Greeley

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Perry. Her parents resided at St. Peter. Mr. Perry, himself an editor, was an ardent admirer of the great journalist, Horace Greeley. Not having a son to name in honor of the New Yorker, it was determined to bestow that name upon the little daughter. And so she bears it to this day.

Cole Younger became very much attached to her and was in the habit of taking her with him in his daily rides into the country. Little Miss Horace Greeley showed great fondness for her newly-made acquaintance, and neither she nor any other resident in that neighborhood suspected for a moment the identity of the stranger who was so modest and gentle and affectionate, especially toward his little friend.

Time rolled 'round rapidly. The disastrous Northfield raid had been made and the Youngers were behind iron bars at Stillwater. The little girl had grown almost to womanhood, and, following the profession of her father, had become "Editress and Publisher" of the St. Peter Journal, the official paper of the county. Those fair and refreshing days, back in her happy childhood, when she rode with the gallant stranger along the country lanes, may



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have come back to her often and anon, but she had never known his real name. She had never more heard of him. Was he living? Was he dead? Into what far land had he ridden? These inquiries may not unreasonably have arisen in those reminiscent moods that take possession of us at times and bring joy or sorrow. Especially must this have been true of Miss Perry, for she was of an impressionable nature, and like any other girl would fall under the fascinating influence of a strange meeting like this.

I do not remember what year it was that Miss Perry first met Cole Younger while he was in prison, but she recognized him at once and the friendship begun at St. Peter was renewed. There and then the fair young "editress" decided to devote herself to the liberation of the Youngers, by using the columns of her paper and also making personal appeals. When she found that I was engaged in the same enterprise, she entered into a correspondence with me. In a letter dated January 26, 1894, she wrote:

"I am in receipt of your letter and the photos and I assure you I am more than pleased to receive both, and return thanks for same.

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Yes, Mr. Bronaugh, I think a great deal of Cole, and if there is anything possible for me to do to assist him and his brother I would sacrifice a great deal to do it. For some reason the warden of the prison has cut off communications between Cole and myself for what reason I do not know, unless it was because I wrote Cole that when he got out he and I would enter into a partnership and conduct my paper together. I am glad that the boys have so good a friend as you are and I trust you will never lose your interest in them.

“Mr. Bronaugh, I am glad that you have not misconstrued my friendship and motives to aid the boys. I assure you it is the best and purest friendship that one can offer another. I could not say positively, but I believe that the Warden or someone else has carelessly said that Cole’s regard for me was something more than friendship, for one of our old editors who always poses as my good ‘daddy,’ wrote me from St. Cloud and said that it was all right for me to sympathize with Cole, but he drew the line when he found that Cole had another idea, and that it was all right while he was in there, but he was liable to get out some day, etc., etc.

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"I do love Cole very much, but in friendship only, and it is very wrong for the Warden to misconstrue my motives. He might be a good deal more favorable if he wanted to, but since I have editorially denounced him as an unfit man for the care of God's most unfortunate creatures, he has ceased to favor anyone whom I like up there. Cole can tell you that. But I am a very good friend of Gov. Nelson and so Mr. Warden allows me a great many privileges against his will; besides, the 'press' is quick to retaliate, and I have already gained an enviable reputation of being fearless in 'opening up state officials.'

"I am at work now securing the pardon of a young man, who is in for fifteen years for murder. He is of one of the wealthiest and best families in Minneapolis, but his father has assigned the task to me and I believe that I will be very successful. I shall ask for a pardon, not a parole. Now, Mr. Bronaugh, I have written more of a letter than I intended to, and perhaps said many things of no interest to you, but I am sure you will pardon that. I received a letter signed 'Ex-Member, M. S. P.' requesting me to see J. A. Westby today. Mr. Bronaugh, I shall be delighted beyond measure to receive your picture, your wife's and

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little one's and shall be glad to reciprocate when mine are finished. Send them as soon as you can and let me hear from you occasionally regarding the boys and the hope of pardon. If I can render any assistance do not hesitate to ask it."

To show Miss Perry's sympathetic disposition and traits of tenderness, the following is an extract from a letter she wrote me December 7, 1896:

"I was going to work this morning and saw the birds so free and happy. My thoughts flew right to a couple of prison cells up at Stillwater, and you may believe me or not, I could not hold back the unhidden tears. I tell you why I can sympathize with the boys so much. I myself am just like the wild things on the hills and I can enjoy myself more in the woods alone than anywhere else. To be shut up in a parlor is like caging a wild bird and I tell you my friend, when you stop to think seriously of the awfulness of confinement it is a sad thing."

This brave young woman labored diligently till she saw the burning desire of her heart gratified and I can truthfully say she gave me much aid and was no small factor in obtaining the freedom of the Youngers.

## CHAPTER 30.

### Love and Death.

**S**EPTEMBER 13, 1902, I was again in St. Paul and the first person I called on there was my friend B. G. Yates. While conversing in his office, Jim Younger came in unannounced. He was attired in a handsome light suit and wore a jaunty hat. I thought him at that moment one of the finest-looking men I had ever seen.

Mr. Younger invited Capt. Yates and myself to accompany him to his room, a few blocks away. We went with him and spent an hour or so discussing the subject of an absolute pardon for himself and brother. The Board of Pardons had recently met, but had passed the matter over until another session.

After our visit with Jim, Yates and I called on Cole Younger. I had promised Jim I would see him again in the afternoon, and did so. As soon as I was ushered into his presence and passed a few words with him I found that he was desperately in love with Miss ——, of St. Paul. They had known each other only

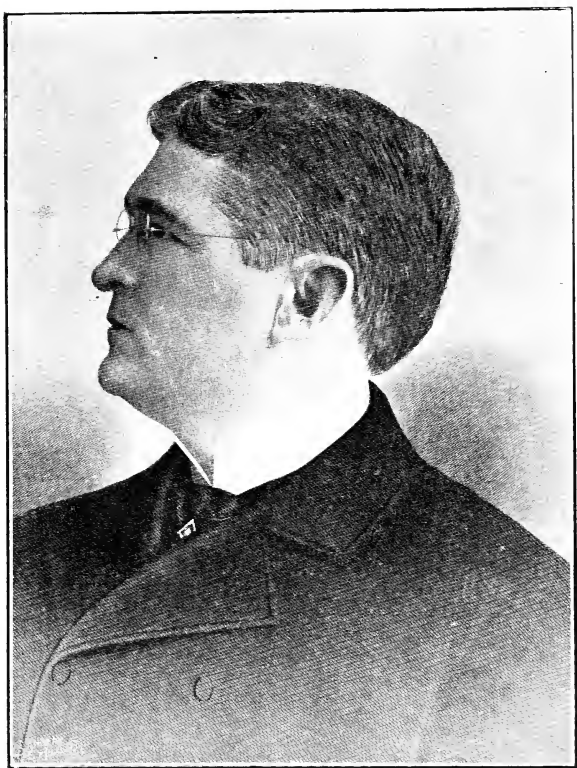
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a year or two, but their affection was mutual and strong. The young lady was a professional magazine and newspaper writer, in which vocations she was said to make a great deal of money; she was refined and highly educated and had entrance to the best society in the city.

Betrothal followed friendship, and she and her lover, according to rumor, desired to be married after the parole was granted, but it was found that such a union would not be legal. Miss ——— then went west and that was the last that most people in St. Paul heard or knew of her. I had the pleasure of meeting her several times and can testify to her culture and charming manners. She wrote me a number of letters in reference to the release of the Youngers, which were models in penmanship and composition.

The afternoon of the 14th of September I spent with Jim at his room. He gave every evidence of being greatly depressed, and appeared utterly broken down in spirit, in hope, and in ambition.

The first positions given Cole and Jim, after the parole, were the P. N. Peterson Granite Company, of St. Paul and Stillwater, which



FORMER GOVERNOR LON V. STEPHENS.





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manufactured monuments, etc. Mr. Peterson had been personally acquainted with them since their first days in prison. The stipulation was that their salaries should be sixty dollars a month each and expenses. Cole traveled for this company until November, 1901, making nearly all points in Minnesota. He then returned to St. Paul and became employed by Edward J. and Hubert C. Schurmeier, who had done notable work for the pardon, and James Nugent, at the Interstate Institute for the care of the liquor and morphine habits. After several months there, Cole became an assistant to John J. O'Connor, chief of police of St. Paul.

While traveling for the Peterson Company out in the country, with a horse and buggy, taking orders for tombstones Jim met with an accident which confined him to his bed for several weeks. When he recovered he tried his hand at writing policies for an insurance company, but he was informed that no policy written by him would stand as valid or legal. This further discouraged him.

He said to me: "I reckon a fellow might as well cut his throat and be done with it."

I thought lightly of the remark at the time, but Jim was earnestly entertaining the deadly idea then.

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The morning of October 15, I left St. Paul for St. Louis, arriving there the next day. The following Sunday afternoon Jim Younger's dead body was found in his room at the Reardon Hotel. A bullet hole was above the right ear and in his hand was clutched a revolver. Poor Jim had committed suicide.

The remains were brought back to Lee's Summit, Jackson county, Missouri, and buried beside his brother Bob and other kindred. C. W. Wigginton, O. H. Lewis, H. H. McDowell, Sim Whitsett, William Gregg and William Lewis were the pall-bearers. There was a large attendance of friends and neighbors at the funeral, and the services were extraordinarily impressive.

## CHAPTER 31.

### Cole Younger Returns Home.

**I**N February, 1903, a full pardon was granted to Thomas Coleman Younger and after a few days spent in Minnesota shaping up some business affairs and bidding friends farewell he quietly took a train for Kansas City, Missouri, and thence to Lee's Summit, where still resided many of his relatives, old neighbors and army comrades. His home-coming was one of the most interesting events in a long life which had been crowded with thrilling and tragic incidents dated back to the dark days of 1860, when the black clouds of civil conflict rose and spread and grew blacker—"Black as the pit from pole to pole"—till the whole land was thrown into dense shadow of death, destruction, and rapine for four years.

A quarter of a century Cole Younger had been imprisoned at Stillwater, Minnesota. He had been shut away from all the outer world. Changes, marvelous and even miraculous, were being made in literature, science, the arts, politics, pulpits, and inventions. In that period

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of twenty-five years the map of the world had been changed. Tribes and nations had been obliterated or shifted by war and the exigencies of diplomacy. Here, in the very state of his birth, political organizations had risen, flourished for a brief season, and passed into oblivion. Thousands of miles of railway and telegraph had been added to those already in operation. Telephones had been stretched out into even remote county districts. Rural route delivery had been established, and mail was being dispensed daily at the farmer's door. Cities had been built where, in 1876, there was nothing but barren plain, grassy prairie, or thick forest. The whole order of affairs had undergone magic transformation.

Within that quarter of a century of prison life a host of the friends and comrades of Cole Younger had passed away, his brothers, Bob and Jim, among them. And now he was the only one to return alive to the scenes of his youth and earlier manhood. These neighborhoods had changed with the rest of the world.

The old graveyards, with their mossy slabs and crumbled monuments, had grown more populous, and a new generation of men and women had come to take the places of the

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departed. Few of the ancient houses were standing. Even the old-time rail fences had given way to wire. New churches and new schoolhouses dotted the land. People traveled in trains, in automobiles, and on bicycles, instead of using the clumsy conveyances of twenty-five years back. Nothing had remained unchanged but the eternal hills.

I met Cole Younger soon after his arrival at Lee's Summit, and he accompanied me to Clinton, Missouri. There he received a most kindly welcome from scores of citizens, a few of whom had known his father and mother in ante-bellum days, and a very few of whom had also known the visitor in war times. He seemed greatly to enjoy the visit, and then he became my guest for a few days at my home in the country. He was a particularly interesting man, aside from his usual career, and bore himself with all the courtesy, politeness, dignity and refinement that mark the true gentleman.

On his return to Kansas City, he and Frank James, who had been comrades in the Civil War, entered into a contract to conduct the Cole Younger and Frank James Wild West Show. Money was furnished to equip and put

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the aggregation on the road, and the attraction from the first, it is understood, has been profitable financially.

Shortly after Cole Younger returned to Missouri, it was reported that he had arranged to go into the show business in company with Frank James. Ex-State Auditor Dunn, of Princeton, long a close friend of Cole's, wrote him a letter at that time in regard to the matter, in which he appealed to Cole to do nothing which would change the feeling of his friends in Minnesota toward him.

Cole answered that letter and in his reply gave the first account of his intentions.

This letter appeared in the Princeton (Minn.) Union, and is as follows:

"Your letter of recent date was received in due time, and I must apologize to you for not having answered it before. I have, however, been considerably under the weather since my return home, having had a severe attack of grip and have had very little ambition to get around or to attend to business. I have carefully considered the substance of your letter and would certainly feel very sorry if I thought that you believed for a moment that I intended to break any promise made to the authorities in Minnesota, or to any one else.

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"I assure you that I shall keep every promise that I have made, and my friends in Minnesota will have no reason to complain of any action which I may take.

"I do not intend to exhibit myself as an actor or participate in any public entertainment nor do I intend to allow myself to be so exhibited.

"This is the promise that I made and I will keep it.

"I do not believe, however, that the state officials in your state, or anybody in Minnesota want to prevent me from making an honest living. The show with which I will be connected will in no way refer to my life or the life of any of my associates, but will be of an educational and moral order, very much like Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which, as you know, is in every way unobjectionable and has always been patronized by good people.

"When I returned to my home in Missouri I found myself broken in health and old age rapidly coming on and without any trade or occupation. This was not the worst of it, as I have aged women relatives who have been looking to me to support them but instead of being a source of support to them, it looked

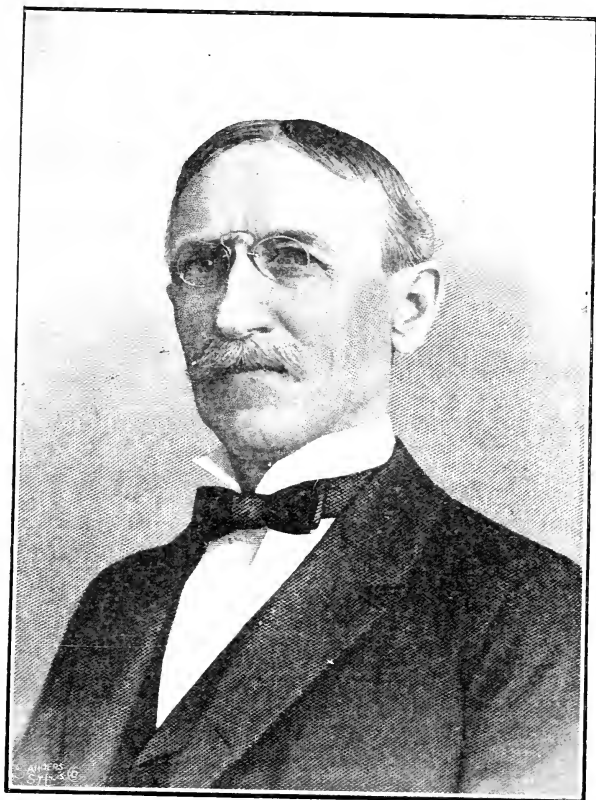
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as if I had become to them a source of expense and a burden. While I have no occupation or trade, you will realize that my experience with horses and my long army experience in handling bodies of men have in some way fitted me to be manager of such a show as I have described, and in this way enables me to make an honorable and honest living and properly support those who are dependent on me. It was with this intention that I have made the business arrangement which has been spoken of in all the newspapers. It is distinctly stipulated in my contract that I shall do nothing to break the conditions of my pardon, and the people with whom I have connected myself would be the last ones in the world to ask me to break any agreement which I have made. I shall not in any way be paraded or exhibited in public and shall have nothing to do with the giving of the entertainment.

"There are many other things which I would like to say to you, but it is hard to express myself in a letter of this kind. Of one thing you may be very sure :

"I have never since 1876 taken a drink of intoxicating liquors and I never expect to do so as long as I live, in addition to being a man





JUDGE L. B. VALLIANT,  
Of the Missouri Supreme Court.



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of temperance, I shall endeavor to so conduct myself in every other way that the people of Minnesota, and in particular men like you, who have always helped me, will have no reason to blush for me in the future. I desire to again thank you for your many acts of personal kindness to me and remain your true and sincere friend.

“Cole Younger.

“P. S. My best wishes and kindest regards to your family, not forgetting any friends in the State of Minnesota.

“Cole.”

## CHAPTER 32.

### Cole Younger as a Correspondent.

**C**OLE Younger was a voluminous letter-writer especially after the year 1884, when I had my first conversation with him in the state prison at Stillwater, at which time I made the promise to lend my aid henceforth toward the liberation of himself and brothers.

The prison rules limited the number of letters he might write to persons outside, but he made up for this by making each letter particularly to me, of unusual length. He wrote a rather small hand and crowded the lines close together. He utilized space on paper with the same care that a small German or French farmer does the few acres of land he cultivates in the old country.

Cole's penmanship and composition improved with time and his correspondence became more interesting from month to month. He wrote on a variety of subjects, the principal one, of course, relating to the measures that were being taken for a pardon.

It is interesting to note in these letters his keen observation of political affairs and con-

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ditions, not only in Minnesota, but throughout the country. He had access to newspapers and other publications and kept thoroughly informed as to what was transpiring outside.

His deep interest in and clear perception of passing events, political and otherwise, can easily be accounted for from the fact of his seclusion and also from the further fact that his future welcome depended so much on what took place in other quarters.

Besides this, he was naturally gifted with a wonderful insight into human nature, and while he was denied the privileges of mingling with many of the men who were in the public eye during his imprisonment, he had opportunity to form opinions and estimates of them from what he read.

The noted prisoner was usually fair and generous in his expressions of opinion, even in regard to those persons whom he well knew were not his friends and were working against him.

During the two Bryan presidential campaigns he was an ardent free-silver Democrat and showed in his letters to me that he was watching the course of events with extreme interest. In fact, one not knowing to the con-

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trary would have supposed that Cole Younger was a free American citizen at that time instead of a man shut in from the world by iron doors and stone walls, with little prospect of ever seeing the light of liberty again, much less casting a vote.

The following extracts from Cole's letters to me are made with a view to giving to giving as much variety of topic as possible.

---

“March 1, 1889.

“Your favor of last month was missent and was several days on the road. I have no special news to write. Bob is not well and I don't think he ever will be again if we have to stay in here much longer. I was in hopes you or some one would come up so as to get some one in this state to work on the case. I could get some one, but I have not a dollar, and I would rather stay here forty years than to promise something and not be able to pay. Should they not succeed in getting us out there is one thing sure we will stay here until we do get some one in this state that will do something for us, and as the leading men in the state are at St. Paul now and will be until the first of next month, now is the time they could

be seen with but little trouble. I am blue, as Bob is sick in bed to-day. Love to all friends."

---

"May 17, 1889.

"Your most welcome letter of the 14th inst. came to hand a few hours ago. God bless you and your family, and I hope it will be my last wish that you may always enjoy all the blessings this life can give, and in the world to come that you may be among the happiest.

"I wrote Jeff Younger the other day to go and see you and render what service he could. There are but few Edwards on earth, neither are there many Bronaughs, for your disinterested friendship has been more Christlike than any man's I ever knew. I regret that I am not more worthy, but hope to live to prove that I know how to appreciate the noble friend you have been to us.

"When I read of the petition being circulated at Jefferson City I felt like we often felt during the war when the fight was going on and we could hear it and knew our friends were engaged and we were on outpost or held in reserve and could not go to their rescue. I could do nothing but walk up and down the library and hope the good Lord was with you and we would once more be free.

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"How I do hate to think I will never meet Major Edwards in this life again. It makes me nervous to think of him being no more. I shall always love his children for his sake and if in the future I can ever do them or their mother a favor it will be one pleasure left me. Bob is very sick; I fear he will not live long; he is sure not to unless he gets out of prison; it is terrible to think of him dying in prison."

---

"January 15, 1893.

"I wrote you last Sunday, but as this is my birthday I will write you again. I am not feeling very good, so am a little nervous, but it will pass off in time. We have had some very cold weather and I have taken cold and that makes me blue.

"After sending you my last letter I feared you might think I had reference to my relatives in Texas, so I write to-day to say that I was not thinking of them. They are noble Christians and true friends and I know they are of my opinion that you and Steve will do for the best, though friends in this state and the Scriptures say now is the time, for to-morrow we may die, and I think that can be applied to our case at present.



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"I am forty-nine years old to-day and have not long for this life at best, and after serving sixteen years in here if I start down I will go fast."

---

"March 26, 1893.

"Your kind favor of the 20th was received and read with pleasure. I congratulate myself upon the fact that we have the best friend in the world. No one has a better, and but few his equal. I hope your visit to Kansas City will be pleasant one as well as a successful one. I hope Steve will win the fight for coal oil inspector of Kansas City."

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"May 21, 1893.

"It has been sometime since I have written to or received a letter from you, and at this writing I have no news of any description, good, bad or indifferent.

"I am as fleshy as I ever was—would weigh over two-hundred pounds.

"Of course, you are aware the Legislature did nothing for life men. But, as the parole system is in operation here as well as at St. Cloud, I think probably the inspectors at that place would now act with this place. Here-

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tofore they have refused in the case of Bener, a life man here from St. Cloud, and the people of that place have always been very bitter against him for killing his wife.

"I get very nervous at times of late, and don't know what to do with myself. I am like a boy in graveyard, I try to keep up courage, still I get very blue and regret that I did not meet with the luck of many of our friends during the war—get a bullet where it would have done its work the quickest. I think it would have been best."

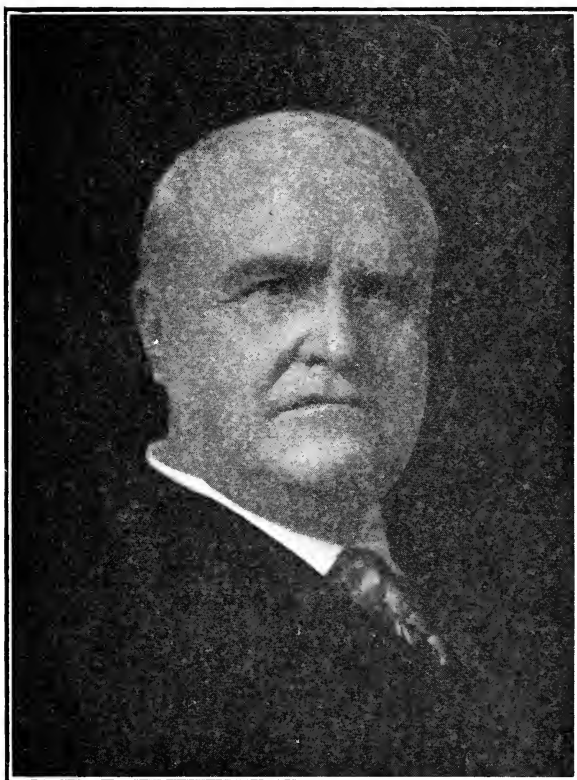
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"July 2, 1893.

"I have not heard from you for sometime. Hope you and the family are well and happy. A day or two after I wrote you last, I learned you passed through Denison, Texas, but suppose you have returned to Missouri before this. I have no news to write you, and suppose you have no good news, therefore you remain silent.

"Retta wrote me she was coming to Missouri this month and would make your wife a visit.

"As for times, they are hard in Texas and



UNITED STATES SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS.



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here, as they are everywhere. I got off on my financial ear in my letters to Rogers, and I suppose my views are different from his or yours. Still I suppose each has a right to his views. I don't believe in lickspittles, whether it is an individual or a nation, and it seems to me that the United States with sixty-four millions of people is playing that part at present, with Great Britain—a part that our forefathers would have been too proud and independent to do, when they had only five million people. State banks would be a farce in this age, with the rapid transit of commerce by rail from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from the Gulf to the lakes of the north. I can remember when a boy in ante-bellum times if a man went out of Missouri he had to exchange his Missouri money for that of the state he went to, and at a discount. It was a feast for the middlemen then, and would be ten times more so now. Napoleon said capital was cowardly, and he could have added, it was a bully when it was dealing with cowards or with those in its power, and all would be true. But the United States are not in its power.

• “If we had a Jefferson, Jackson or a Lincoln

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at its head, with a few Websters, Clays, Calhouns and Bentons in the United States Senate, that had the nerve to tell the money power to be down; they would down as quick as a pointer does when his master stamps his foot. This country with her millions worth of surplus cotton, wheat, pork and beef that Europe wants could take the lead in money matters of the world."

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"July 16, 1893.

"Our last two letters passed each other on the road, so I will write again. Jim and myself are both in good health and hoping and praying for the best. We have no news of interest, all of our wishes are that something will turn up soon that will set us free with our friends at home and in peace with all mankind. I have not written any one about our case and won't, I will leave that to you and those you select.

"I suppose that you have learned by the papers we had a cyclone in our neighborhood the other day. I could see it plainly while it was forming. It was a beauty to look at. The funnel would stretch the lower end down two or three hundred feet at a time and it would

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go like a pile driver, and then rebound like a piece of rubber that had been stretched full length and let go. While the clouds at the upper end of the funnel were boiling up like the whitecaps off the Charleston, South Carolina, harbor when the sea is running high. I knew it would and was dealing death and destruction in its path and might come up the lake and visit us, but I could not but admire the picture it made and I felt just as one does looking on at a big battle and forgets all about the dangers to himself, while watching the maneuvers and the smoke and noise of battle, for you know after the battle opens and it becomes interesting one ceases to think of the personal danger. At least that was the way it was with me and that is the way I felt the other day, while I was really sorry for all who were to suffer and hoped it would not come our way, still I could not but enjoy the scene and laugh at the looks near me. I remarked to one of the guards, it is a beauty ain't it, but he failed to see it.

"I have not learned what amount of damage the cyclone did except that two men were killed here."

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"September 8, 1893.

"It has been some weeks since I wrote you, still I believe I have written two or three times since I have had the honor of hearing from you. Our health is good and we are in as good spirits as could be expected under the surroundings. I would like to have gone to the World's fair, but I suppose I will have to wait until the next one. I was disappointed that Retta did not make you a visit while in Missouri. She intended doing so, but had rheumatism in her right arm and shoulder so bad she had to put it off, and she had to hurry to Texas earlier than she intended to on account of the school board demanding old teachers standing examination as well as new applicants.

"I received a letter from Colonel G. A. Jackson of Colorado awhile back. I wrote him last Sunday. You must have known him. He is a son of Hancock Jackson. He was with you on Price's last raid to Missouri. I will send you his letter. You can write him if you feel so disposed. I have thought of writing Reagan every week but as we don't write but once a week I am not able to get around often. Colonel Varde Cockrell, Colonel Gid Thompson



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and many others I have not written for two years. I think Colonel Cockrell of Texas and Morgan of Missouri, and others could get letters from members of Congress from this state to Governor Nelson asking for all pardon or commutations but you know best. A letter from Colonel Crisp would have weight.

"In one of your former letters you asked about the officials here that you knew; there are but two here now that you got acquainted with. Mr. Albert, our chaplain, is still here and a good man and preached a very fine sermon this morning."

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"October 28, 1894.

"Your kind favor written and mailed at Hannibal, Missouri, on the 24th inst., was duly received and read with pleasure and each point noted. Don't think for a moment because I have not written that I have ceased to remember you one moment as God's nobleman, for I have not. But at times the least said is best, and for sometime I have felt that it was best to say but little. I knew that Governor Marshall and other friends would keep you posted and I thought that was best."

"There are few of the officials here now that

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were here when you were up. I am now and have been since July in the hospital as help to the hospital steward. Mr. Albert is still our chaplain. He was up the other day just before I received your letters. He inquired about you. He said he would be in St. Paul to-morrow and have a talk with Governor Marshall and others about prison reforms, etc.

"There was a party wrote me from St. Paul a few weeks ago in regard to ourselves. He claimed to be an agent of the New York World. I answered him and referred him to ex-Warden Reed, Stordock and our present Warden Wolfer. I shall find out from Governor Marshall whether the man is O. K. or not."

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"October 4, 1896.

"I will write you this evening, but have nothing new or interesting to communicate. I will send you a letter I received from Dr. Newman. He had charge of the hospital last year. We were together every day for over twelve months. He is to be married this fall, that is what takes him down to Nebraska. I told him in my letter last Sunday that it was but natural he would meet more goldbugs on

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his trip, for he was so proud to get down there and see his best girl. He straightened up to his full height and with that dignified look of his he seemed to be seven feet high. He is six feet six inches and the old farmers and silverites took to the woods at sight of him. But they will come out on the third of next month and give Bryan fifteen thousand majority in Nebraska. Dr. Newman is a noble man and smart. He graduated at the head of his class at the State university has traveled a great deal in South America and Europe.

"Everything is ablaze with politics in this state. John Lind spoke in Stillwater last night. I could hear the band playing and the people shouting. I suppose it was the ones out in the street, as I understand there was too many to get in the hall. Lind is an ex-Republican congressman, and one of the ablest and most powerful men in the state. But he bolted the republican platform and was nominated for Governor of this state by the Silver Republicans, Democrats and Populists, so he will give Clough a hard fight and no one will know who will be the next Governor until the vote is counted. This is naturally a Republican state, but the lines are broken everywhere.

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Millionaires, bankers and railroad Democrats have gone over to the Republican party, while thousands of farmers and laboring men have gone over to the Democratic party, so this is a doubtful state.

"The pictures came all O. K. and we were truly glad to get them. Sam is a great big good-looking boy, while Mary and Fisher are as sweet as they can be. I kissed them both many times and in my mind's eye could see how their mother looked when she was a little girl and I wrote a composition for her on 'The Wreck of Time.' Our health is good. My weight is two hundred and sixteen pounds and Jim one hundred and eighty."

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"October 11, 1896.

"I suppose that you have learned by the papers that Bryan is in St. Paul to-day. He spoke there last night to a large crowd, will speak at Minneapolis to-morrow and from there go to Duluth and around through Wisconsin and Michigan. Everything is at fever heat politically in this state. Both sides are claiming it by twenty thousand majority.

"I suppose you saw there had been a bank robbery in this state. Two or three men were



HON. E. W. STEPHENS.



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killed. Of course, our names will have to go the rounds and we shall be held responsible for all the hair-brained fools. The newspapers writing up some sensational matter about us every month is partly the cause of keeping us fresh in the minds of the people, and fool boys think it would be smart to try their hand at some of our deeds. As long as the state and nation allow these blood-and-thunder books to be published and circulated they may expect to hear of boys attempting to imitate some parts of what they read."

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"November 26, 1896.

"We have had a very pleasant Thanksgiving, plenty of cranberry sauce and turkey, some good music by a brass band and several recitations by a sweet young lady (Miss Dixie Smith) from Minneapolis. Ex-Mayor Eustis gave us a talk on the Keeley cure. I was introduced to him by the Warden. After talking to me for half an hour he put his hand on my shoulder and said:

" 'Well, Younger, you ought to have been in Congress or the United States Senate instead of in here. "

"I blushed and said, thanks!"

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"January 3, 1897.

"While I have nothing new or interesting to communicate, I will write you all the same, to let you know we are well, and in good spirits. Had a jolly good Xmas and New Years. Music, speaking and reading by a very good-looking lady. Wednesday before Xmas, the Governor, his daughter and her husband and his mother were over to visit the prison. They spent the day; visited Jim in the library, and spent some time in my room. They all seemed to enjoy the visit, and I did of course. The Governor spoke of the hard fight he had in the last campaign. I told him I would ask one favor of him, that he was to take a preacher with him that we have here. We have him in the hospital now, and he is a fraud and more trouble than all the rest of the sick. But a man that would preach the gospel, and try to poison his wife at the same time, is too mean for anything.

"Horace Greeley sent me a Catholic prayer-book and Xmas card. Dr. Beebe played Santa Claus and slipped me in a meerschaum pipe with tobacco, so you see I can smoke to my heart's content.

"I have received several letters from friends, among them one from a beautiful young lady in Minneapolis.



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"I would like to read a speech from Governor Stone, in the United States Senate, on Cuba, if he is as full of that subject as he was of 16 to 1 during the campaign, for he surely made some of the best speeches that were made in the fight."

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"February 22, 1897.

"Jim and myself are in good health with the exception of a little rheumatism in my breast. We both send many thanks to you for your noble work in our behalf. It will always be my prayer that God may bless you and yours and I believe that he will on account of the noble heart in your breast.

"We read with heartfelt sorrow of Gen. Jo Shelby's death, but were glad to see that they gave him a right royal funeral. I have read everything said of him in the Republic, Globe-Democrat, Kansas City Times, Kansas City Star and the St. Joseph Gazette, not forgetting the Appleton City Herald and others. The most of the papers of this state has something to say of him.

"Dr. Newman has married since I saw you. He and his wife were here and made us a visit. They are now located at Wells this state. I

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received a letter from Horace Greeley. She didn't like it because you failed to come by and see us. I wrote and offered every excuse I could sum up.

"Many thanks to Senator Steve Elkins. Did you see Will Cowherd? A letter from his father would have much weight. He has known me from the cradle up and he is the father of a congressman even if he did fail to get there himself. I know that Charles Cowherd would give a letter and make it strong.

"I have written this letter Sunday night, but dated it the 22nd, as that is my father's birthday as well as George Washington's."

---

"May 16, 1897.

"Your kind favor of the 12th was received yesterday. I was truly glad to hear from you, and to learn that your wife, children and yourself were enjoying the best of health. I hope each of you may enjoy the blessing of good health during a long and prosperous life and always be happy and contented. Jim is looking better than he has at any time since our home at this place, and my own health is good and I am living in hopes that better days will

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come and will always love and thank you and yours for the same.

"I think the move in regard to Archbishop Ireland and Judge Start was a good one. Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal church wrote General Sibley several letters in regard to our case, but I have not heard from him since the death of Sibley and Marshall. Bishop Whipple left last week for Europe to be gone six months. Bishop Gilbert of St. Paul takes his place, in fact Gilbert has been at the head of that church for years, as Whipple is very old and feeble. I have known Bishop Gilbert for over ten years. He preaches in our chapel every Easter Sunday and has always appeared very friendly."

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"August 15, 1897.

"Your kind favor written at Sedalia was received a few days ago. I had just taken a spell of the grip and was broken up for two days, but I am all right again. Jim is in the best of health and we are hopeful of brighter days in the future. I have received two letters from Dr. McClure; he is a true friend.

"The members of the W. C. T. U. were over to see us last week. One of the leaders told me they were all for us.

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"I will not only send our kindest regards, but love and good wishes to each of your family. Give many kisses to the children. Tell Mrs. Bronaugh I appreciated her letter as much as any I have ever received and shall ever remember her as one of God's noblest women."

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"August 6, 1899.

"Your favor of the 25th of last month duly received. We were very glad to hear you were all well.

"Young Mr. Bushnell was here, but we regret that he did not get in sooner and stay later. As it was we only had time to say howdy and goodbye. I thought I could see that he resembled you some and he impressed me as a right bright young man.

"If I had got one or two hundred dollars to pay expenses I would have got out last winter all right, notwithstanding the newspaper talk about the people in Missouri sending forty-five thousand to help me. The facts are as you know, I have never received one dollar from any one in Missouri, except from my nephews to pay expenses. That old mayor that fought us when you were up here, fought us

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before the legislature in a speech before the committee of the house. He said there was no money being used to corrupt a Minnesota house as they did in Missouri. He said Bronaugh told him he had spent ten thousand dollars, traveled ten thousand miles and worked ten years in Missouri and would put in the same in Minnesota. But I knew he lied and I told them that you never made any such a statement; that you would not have made any such a statement even if it had been true, for you had sense enough to know that such talk would hurt us."

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"January 2, 1898.

"Jim and myself are in good health and are getting along as usual. We are having very pleasant weather for this time of the year in this state. Had quite a nice time Xmas and New Years, but what bothers me most is the fact that two weeks from today I shall be fifty-four years old and Jim fifty.

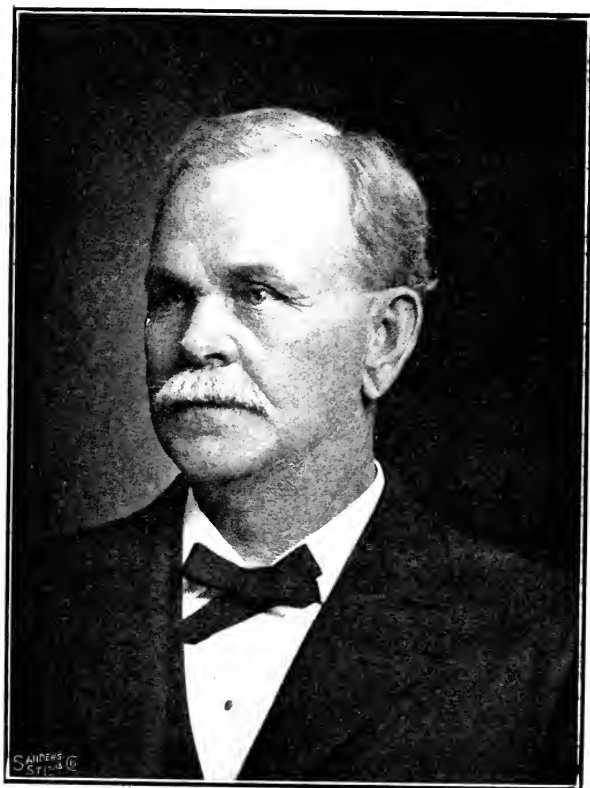
"I hope Mrs. Bronaugh and the children are well and happy. With my best love for you and yours, not forgetting the rest of your mother's family that prayed for us in the war time, I am your true and grateful friend always."

## CHAPTER 33.

Major John N. Edwards, Author of The Famous Younger Petition.

THE late Major John N. Edwards, one of the most brilliant, picturesque and fascinating authors and editorial writers Missouri has ever had, was a native of Virginia, but became a resident of Missouri when quite young. For some years prior to the beginning of the Civil War he served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office in Lexington, Missouri, thus beginning at the lowest round of the ladder and ascending to the highest in journalism.

In 1861 he espoused the cause of the South and joined his fortunes with those of the late General Jo O. Shelby—the knightliest and most daring cavalry leader of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Edwards became Shelby's adjutant and was of great service in that capacity to his brilliant superior, both of whom entered the Confederate army from the same locality—Lafayette county, Missouri. Edwards wrote many of the official reports of the bat-



JUDGE G. D. BURGESS,  
Of the Missouri Supreme Court.





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tles and campaigns of his chief, and in them was displayed the same dazzling rhetoric and gorgeous coloring that characterizes his literary productions after 1865.

Major Edwards participated in all of the four years service of Shelby's famous "Iron Brigade," and was severely wounded on the expedition into Missouri in 1864. When "The Conquered Banner" had been furled and the weary but immortal veterans of Lee and Johnston and Kirby Smith had surrendered and returned to their desolate homes, General Shelby, with a select body of cavalry, numbering 800 or a thousand, decided not to surrender, but to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico and fight under the flag of either Juarez or Maximilian. The story of this expedition forms one of the most thrilling and romantic chapters in American history and is embodied in a handsome volume by Edwards entitled, "Shelby's Expedition Into Mexico; or An Unwritten Leaf of the War."

On his return to Missouri Major Edwards wrote several other entertaining historical works, dealing with the Civil War, and also engaged in journalism as chief editorial writer on The Kansas City Times, St. Louis Times,

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Sedalia Dispatch, Sedalia Democrat and St. Joseph Gazette. Some of his literary editorials attracted even more than national attention, especially the one on "Poor Carlota," the unhappy wife of the slain Emperor Maximilian.

Major Edwards was an ardent and confidential friend of the Younger brothers and the James brothers. As Confederates, he defended them to his dying day.

The lamented soldier, editor and author died in Jefferson City, in 1889, and he was buried in a cemetery near Dover, Lafayette county, Missouri—a quaint and quiet village where he had passed much of his youth and many of his happiest days.

The petition to the Governor of Minnesota, in behalf of the pardon of the Youngers, is believed to have been the last piece of literary work he did. He was my sincere friend at all times and I wish here to record my esteem for his knightly character and my admiration for his brilliant genius.

## CHAPTER 34.

### Warden Wolfer's Work.

**H**ON. HENRY WOLFER, present Warden of the Stillwater penitentiary, worked hard for the release of the Younger brothers and I had a great deal of correspondence with him from first to last. January 26, 1897, he wrote me:

"I intended to have dropped you a line ere this in reference to a matter that is of great interest and importance to you, i. e., in the interest of the Younger brothers' release from this institution. I received copies of two petitions from Mr. Jones, one of which was to be used in obtaining the signatures of the members of both houses of your state legislature and other state officials. He asked me to make any suggestions that occurred to me with reference to the same, which I did and returned to him.

"I have seen from the papers since that you have been at work obtaining signatures to this petition and doubtless have well nigh completed it. While at the capitol in St. Paul a

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few days ago I had another talk with Governor Clough with reference to the matter, and my mind is still more settled as to his attitude before the Board of Pardons than it was when I talked with him in your presence some time since. I asked his advice about certain matters in relation to presenting the petition and papers and talked with him very freely concerning the matter, and I am now satisfied what his attitude will be.

"The Governor advised that the matter be not brought before the board until after the adjournment of the legislature. The suggestion I consider very timely and wise after fully canvassing the situation with him.

"I hope you are well and succeeding beyond your expectation in your efforts in behalf of the boys, in so far as getting proper showing from your state in their behalf."

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May 14, 1897, he wrote:

"I have your favor of the 12 inst., and am glad to know that you have made such good progress in behalf of the Younger boys. The next regular meeting of the Pardon Board will be on July 12th. In the meantime, strengthen

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your forces as much as possible. The more influence you can bring to bear the better. I shall also do all possible to advance the best interest of the cause. I will have one or two good talkers present and will have the recommendation of our Board of Managers together with such other influences for good that I can bring to bear upon the case.

"I had a long talk with Governor Clough, only a few days ago regarding the case, and he very earnestly expressed the wish that he had granted a pardon to the boys before the pardoning power was taken from his hands. Said he, 'I am now convinced that you were right in what you said to me the day that you pressed me so hard to take favorable action in their behalf, and it is one of the mistakes which I have made as Governor, which I regret now as much as any one act that I can recall.'

"I shall see Judge Start, and Attorney-General Childs, as soon as I return from a short visit to North Dakota, which will be in about one week. I will keep you advised as to the status of affairs and let you know what success I have with Judge Start, so far as may be judged from personal interview. I am a little afraid of him. In my talk with the Governor

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the other day, he also expressed fear as to Judge Start's attitude. Bring to bear all you can upon Judge Start. I know the other two will be all right.

"I do not see any need of your coming very much before July 12th. It might be well to be here three or four days before that date, however."

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June 22, 1897, he addressed me as follows:

"I have your esteemed favor of late date and carefully note its contents. I think you have done exceedingly well in your efforts in behalf of the Younger brothers. If we do not succeed in getting the boys pardoned we shall at least have made a good strong effort. Personally, I am quite hopeful although I realize that there may be some strong opposition to overcome. I went personally to the Governor's office the other day and filed the personal applications made out here, also the supplemental application made out and sent me by Mr. Jones. I also made arrangements with the Governor and his private secretary to hold the papers as quietly as possible. On the same day I visited the editors of all the pa-

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pers in St. Paul, telling them that an application was going to be made for the pardon of the Younger brothers, and making a full explanation of the situation, and requesting their co-operation when the time came. I promised them a full and complete statement of facts that would be presented to the Board of Pardons, together with a succinct statement of the inside history of the Northfield raid and a very interesting interview from Cole Younger. I promised this to each paper on the day the application would be presented to the pardon board, viz., on July 12th. This will have a tendency to keep them quiet until that time. I also received a promise from each that they would do nothing to injure the chances of the boys. In fact, that if they could not heartily support the matter editorially, they would not say anything against it, and I think all of them, with possibly one exception, will treat it editorially very favorably. I have not visited the different newspapers of Minneapolis as yet, but intend doing so in course of a few days. The 11th Annual National Reunion and Grand Lodge Meeting of our B. P. O. Elks will occur in Minneapolis from the 6th to the 10th of July. I am a state delegate and will

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necessarily have to be there a good deal of the time. I am also chairman of the executive committee of the state lodges to be represented there. I think your suggestion about coming so as to get to my office later than the 7th of July a good one. I think it would be well for you to be here, as near as you can, on the morning of the 7th. The grand parade of the Reunion will take place in Minneapolis on the morning of July 8th. After reading this letter you may send it to Mr. Jones or write him fully as I have written you. I am very busy at present, but shall not neglect anything that will contribute to the success of our efforts for the pardon of the boys. I have written a strong letter to George M. Baxter, the county attorney, who prosecuted the Youngers. Until recently he was in South America. I hope to gain his co-operation. It is difficult to tell, however, until I hear from him, what the result will be so far as he is concerned."

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May 2, 1898, he wrote:

"I have your esteemed favor of April 28, and have carefully noted its contents. Cole





GEN. JO SHELBY.



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and Jim have already tendered their services to the Governor of Minnesota and offered to enter the army and fight for Uncle Sam, provided the Board of Pardons will grant them a conditional pardon for this purpose. This tender was made by letter some time ago.

"The Board may possibly give the matter favorable consideration later on, provided the pressure for United States troops becomes heavy and exacting. Otherwise, I do not think they will pay any attention to it.

"I desire to say, also, for your information that in my opinion it would be most unwise to attempt to use this information in a public way through the press with a view of promoting their interests in the way of securing executive clemency. I feel sure that such a move would do more harm than it could possibly do good at this juncture. Public sentiment and that of the Board of Pardons, cannot be favorably moved in this way until conditions change. My advice is, therefore, to you and to others who are interested in the Younger boys, to keep this move out of the newspapers."

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November 26, 1898, he addressed me:

"I have your favored inquiry of the 21st, in

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behalf of the Younger boys, and note your anxiety to be informed as to the present condition of public sentiment and the probable attitude of the State Board of Pardons in the event of their case being brought up again under the present administration, together with the probable attitude of the Board of Pardons as it will exist with the new Governor and Attorney-General. In reply would say that I do not believe that Judge Start has changed in the least and I do not think that there would be any possible chance for a favorable consideration of the application for pardons under the present administration. I can not say of what attitude the Board may be as a whole, nor in part, after the new Governor and Attorney-General take their seats. Both are gentlemen of high character and noted for their fairness in dealing with the responsibilities that may fall upon them. I do not know of any effort now being made to bring up the case of the Younger brothers again under the present administration, and I do not think that any such movement is on foot; in any event I do not think it would do any good, however wisely presented. Governor-elect Lind is a mild, even-tempered, and considerate sort of

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a man, yet, has a great deal of firmness and decision of character. The same may be said of Attorney-General Douglas."

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February 10, 1899:

"I have your valued favor of the 4th inst., in behalf of the Younger brothers, and have carefully noted its contents. In reply would say that I do not know whether it would be possible to get a bill through the legislature providing for the parole of life convicts or not. I think that there is no doubt but what an effort will be made in this direction, and if there is any show of getting it through it will be pushed. To be perfectly frank with you, however, I am apprehensive that legislation along this line just at this time will meet with strong opposition, and that one of the first arguments against it will be that it will release the Younger brothers.

"You state in your letter that you will mail a letter to me for Cole. That is, that you would forward it to me under my address, which you would like to have me personally turn over to Cole or read to him. I did not find this letter. Possibly you overlooked sending it or chang-

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ed your mind. I shall be glad to comply with your request should you desire to send it.

"Replying to your request for information as to what you ought to do in the premises, if anything, relative to legislation that will benefit the Youngers, will say, that I do not know of anything that you can do at this time that would likely help the cause. In fact, I think that your presence about the capitol on any matters referring to legislation on behalf of the Youngers would have a bad effect. I believe that public sentiment is growing more favorable to the boys, but I doubt if the time is yet ripe when they can be directly benefited by legislation or otherwise."

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March 1, 1899 :

"Your letter of the 20th ult., with enclosed personal letter to Cole Younger, was duly received. I turned the letter over to him personally, as you requested. The bill now pending before the legislature, which is still in the hands of the Prison Committee of the Senate, providing for parole of life prisoners, is still hanging fire. Several of the Senators have

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talked with me about the matter, and in a talk I recently had with the chairman of the committee, I am inclined to think the disposition of a majority of the members is to modify the bill, eliminating some of the objectionable features, and still maintain the helpful features in behalf of the Youngers, and then recommend it to pass, and under these conditions I am inclined to think it will pass the Senate, but what fate it will meet in the House it is hard to determine at this time. I am afraid, however, that it will not go through, although there seems to be a more favorable sentiment prevailing now than some time ago and I am confident it is getting better all the time."

## CHAPTER 35.

### Captain Reagan and His Tribute.

Captain S. C. Reagan, of Kansas City, Missouri, an old school teacher of Cole and Jim Younger in days before the Civil War, and an active auxiliary in their liberation, was born in Montgomery county, Kentucky, in March, 1823. He removed to Jackson county, Missouri, in 1837, with his father and family. He took much interest in education at a very early age. If there were no schools convenient he studied at home, and in this way had mastered the arithmetic and English grammar, and had made some progress in algebra. In 1847 Highland Academy was erected in the country on the waters of the Little Blue. This institution was designed for pupils well advanced in literature. Pupils from Michigan, Mississippi, Kentucky, and Mexico attended this school. Young Reagan was a student of this institution from its organization to its close, graduating in latin, mathematics, natural science, etc. In the year 1848, he chose the profession of teacher, which he followed for the next ten years,





ATTY. GEN'L GEO P. WILSON,  
Of Minnesota, and Eight Years State Senator.



*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

when he removed to Texas and engaged in farming and stock-raising, being very successful.

Governor Clark, of Texas, appointed him captain of Company A, State Troops, of Tarrant county. Capt. Reagan, having taken a very pronounced stand in the Kansas troubles, on the Southern side, it was hard for him to keep out of politics in Texas. About the last of 1861, he raised a volunteer company for the Confederate service, and early in 1862 started for the field of action. At Little Rock his company and all the rest were dismounted and his regiment — the 14th Texas — took steamer for Corinth, Mississippi. At Memphis, Tennessee, April 8, 1862, the whole command was reorganized. Capt. Reagan under the law was entitled to the lieutenant-colonelcy, but the boys would not let him leave them and he was re-elected captain, a position he held during the war, when he was entitled to promotion the boys always objected, saying: "You promised mother when we enlisted that you would stay with us, as Captain," and this promise held him to this rank throughout the rebellion, allowing the rank of third lieutenant often to go above him. Capt. Reagan often told the boys that

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they did not give him a fair deal, but he kept his word to his own detriment. He often had command of the regiment.

His first experience in battle was under Price, at Farmington, Mississippi, then in the siege of Corinth, Mississippi. He participated in the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. The army came out of Kentucky in December, 1862, and fought the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, under Gen. Braxton Bragg. The brigade was commanded by Gen. M. D. Ector. The Texas troops of this army were transferred to Mississippi and were in the siege of Vicksburg, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. It fell back to Jackson, Mississippi. Ector's brigade was transferred again to Tennessee and was in the battle of Chickamauga.

About the first of the year, 1864, Capt. Reagan resigned and went back to Texas, where he was assigned as post-adjutant at Dallas, and was there when Gen. Lee surrendered. His war record was good. In 1866 he removed again to Jackson county, Missouri, where he was reared, bought a large farm near Hickman Mills, and commenced farming and stock-raising with good results. In 1878-9 he served as

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member of the legislature from Jackson county and was re-elected in 1882. He stood high among the members, very few of whom had any advantage over him in debate and oratory. Seventeen years ago he became a resident of Kansas City, Missouri, engaged in real estate business, made a large fortune, and then lost the most of it. He is to-day the same Steve Reagan that he was when wealthy, with no more nor less pride. If he does not love an enemy, he does a friend, and no one will go further to favor a friend than he will.

For many years he was the faithful friend of the late Maj. John N. Edwards. Some years ago Maj. Edwards said, "Steve, by G—d, we must make an effort to get the Youngers out."

It was agreed that a petition should be drawn up to that effect. Maj. Edwards drew the petition and submitted it for criticism. It was approved and taken to Jefferson City for signers. This petition was drawn up in the back office of S. C. Reagan & Son, in the old Brisbane building, in Kansas City, long since torn down. From that day until Cole Younger was released Capt. Reagan never ceased to do all in his power to assist me in the work.

*The Youngers' Fight for Freedom.*

Capt. Reagan kindly contributes the following sketch of and tribute to Cole Younger:

"Coleman Younger is a son of H. W. Younger and was reared in Jackson and Cass counties, Missouri. His father and family occupied a very prominent position in society in both counties. Judge H. W. Younger was nominated several times for places of high honor and profit, but never succeeded in being elected because of his party being largely in the minority. However, he always ran ahead of the party ticket — the Whig party. He was a good financier and amassed a large fortune. He held the position of mail agent or contractor for many years and was engaged in this business under the United States government at the time of his barbarous and cowardly assassination during the early part of the Civil War. He was a large man, generous, broad-minded, and patriotic.

"Judge Younger married into one of the first families of Jackson county, Missouri, his wife being a Miss Bersheba Fristoe, daughter of Judge Richard Fristoe, so that Cole Younger is a descendant of highly honorable and intellectual parentage.

"The writer of this sketch was principal of

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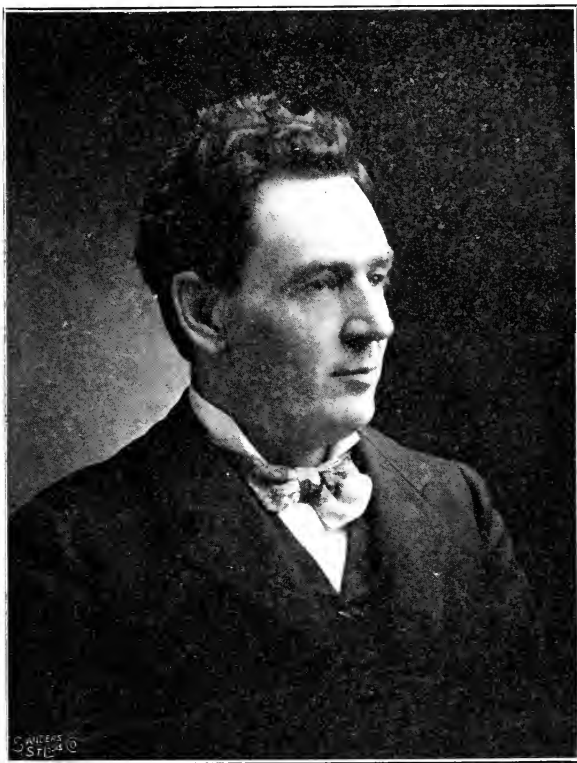
a high school or an academy at Harrisonville, Missouri, in 1858-59. Judge Younger was a patron of this school, sending regularly five or six pupils, among whom were Cole and Jim Younger, the latter being too young to manifest any definite traits of character and I shall only say he was a good, obedient lad. Cole, at that time (1859) some seventeen years of age, began to show something of his future make-up as a man. His deportment nearly always scored 100. He was kind and respectful to the teacher, as well as to his classmates. He had the respect of all — indeed, but few boys of his age had so bright a horoscope as did he. Bright, apt, kind, courageous, he naturally took rank at the head of the list of honor. It is not improbable that if the war had not come on at that time or soon afterwards Cole Younger would now be filling some high position, instead of looking back over twenty-five years of prison life.

“It is the opinion of those who know best that the killing of his father had much to do with the daring, eccentric, and lawless course which Cole Younger pursued so many years. When I look back to his boyhood and pass him in review, with such a bright future of

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wealth, distinction, and honor, and then take a panoramic retrospection of facts before me, I can not help dropping a tear of regret that fate had in store for him at that time such thrilling incidents and scenes, and I might as well say crimes, as the past years have evinced. Whatever has befallen him, he still has within the soul of honor. It is impossible to estimate the deeds of his life for the past thirty-eight years, as these have passed into history, still it is hoped that he may live to balance accounts with many years of good citizenship. I would trust my money, my life, and my honor in his hands, believing that they would be safe in the confidence I repose in him. Let a generous, Christian people extend to him a forgiving hand and may the days of his declining years pass so pleasantly with him that what has been may seem as a dream and success reach out to him its happy hand wherever he may be."





C. P. DEMING,  
Author of the Deming Bill.



## ANECDOTES OF WAR DAYS

After the evacuation of Little Rock, Arkansas, the 10th of September, 1863, and the Missouri command had gone into camp on the Little Missouri river, the retreat from Little Rock was being discussed among the men in Company K of the 16th Regiment. A dispute arose as to who covered the retreat. Some said one and some said another; some said Marmaduke covered it, when P. A. Allison spoke up and said: "It was not true, for Marmaduke recovered it." Allison never heard the last of this.

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When General Parson's brigade was one day out on an inspection drill by regiments, it was hoped every field and line officer and soldier would do his whole duty and not make a mistake. The adjutant of the 16th regiment had taken great interest in drilling the regiment for this occasion. He was a foreigner and spoke English brokenly. The 16th was making its last move in line of battle and up to that moment had made no mistake, but when the reg-

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

iment was on double-quick time Adjutant Warberg gave the command:

“Co. K, pass the defile by right oblique.” The Captain repeated the command, but in this instance said “left oblique” which threw everything out of order. Warberg was very much hurt over the Captain’s blunder and hallowed at the top of his voice:

“Captain Bronaugh! Captain Bronaugh! you spoil the whole line — why did you not right oblique as command was given.”

*Anecdotes of War Days.*MRS. GEN. RAINES AND THE  
SOLDIER.

In the fall of 1861, on General Price's retreat south, after the battle of Lexington, one of General Stein's soldiers called at a house near the little town of Sarcoxie. He reined his horse in front of the house and called the lady out and wanted to know if she would sell him a dozen chickens, the back yard being full of the feathered tribe. The lady did not want to sell. He kept insisting that she sell him one any way, but she refused. The soldier, seeing it was useless to argue further, remarked on leaving: "You had better sell me all those chickens." She wanted to know why. He said: "Because Raines' division will be along directly and they will steal everything you have." He was not aware that he had been talking to Mrs. Raines, wife of the General. This little incident was so amusing that the good lady had to relate it.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## MAJOR HERRELL AND F. C. TAYLOR.

In 1863 a great revival of religion swept over our camp. One Major J. P. Herrell, of the 16th Missouri, made a profession of religion and was very zealous in the cause. One evening he was holding dress parade, in the absence of the colonels. He requested that every officer and soldier of the 16th regiment who was in favor of pulling down stealing, from either citizens or soldiers, to step two paces to the front. Before he had time to put the proposition fully, one F. C. Taylor, of Company K, stepped to the front and said: "Hold on a moment Major before you put the motion; let us have a little proviso." "Well," says the gallant Major, "what is that proviso?" "I am in favor of your motion provided they will feed us. If they don't, I am going to have something to eat." The Major put his motion and it carried. On going back to Company quarters, Taylor made up a mess of six with himself and the "Taylor mess" always lived well. F. C. Taylor was a near relative of Col. Zachary Taylor and one of the best soldiers in our command. He never missed a battle in which his regiment was engaged. He died a few years since at Windsor, Henry county, Missouri.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## LEWIS P. BEATIE AND THE FEDERAL SOLDIER.

In 1864 Gen. Banks made his famous raid up Red river in Louisiana. The Confederate forces under Maj. Gen. Dick Taylor met him at Mansfield, Louisiana, defeating and routing him completely, capturing his entire wagon train and thousands of prisoners. Banks with the remnant of his shattered forces, retreated to Pleasant Hill, twenty miles down the river, where he was re-inforced by the 13th army corps, commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith. There Gen. Banks made another stand on the 9th of April, but again was badly defeated and routed, the confederates capturing in the last engagement 5,000 prisoners.

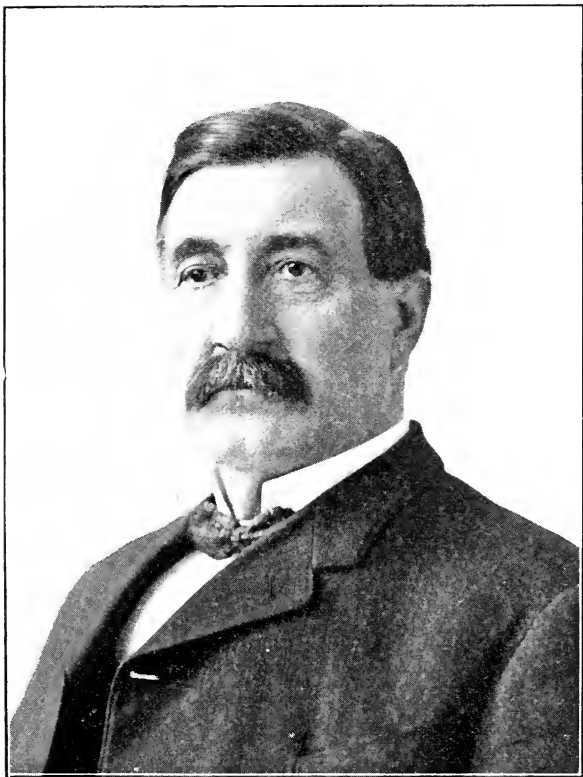
In marching the prisoners through the woods by starlight, a Federal prisoner and a Confederate private fell into conversation. The Yankee told the Johnnie Reb. that he was "might-nigh starved," that he had not had a "sip of coffee for three days." To this the Reb. replied: "I have not had a sip in three years." Judge Lewis P. Beatie of Henry county was the Reb. referred to. He has been living in Henry county for a number of years and is a man much loved by his fellow-men.

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## THE CHAPLAIN AND THE SOLDIER.

At Jacksonport, Arkansas, in 1863, Bob. Renick, a chaplain in Shelby's command, visited one of his comrades, who was very ill in a hospital. Brother Renick was quite sympathetic and sat down by his friend's cot. He spoke gently to the veteran and advised him to pray unceasingly and to wrestle with God. The sick man reached out his bony and emaciated arms and said: "Rassle with God? Why he would flirt me into hell the first pass."





BEN F. NELSON,  
The President of the Board of Managers of the State  
Prison of Minnesota, Member Second Kentucky  
Battalion, Gen. John H. Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A.



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## A YOUNG SOLDIER'S EXAMINATION.

In General Parson's command there was a young fellow who underwent an examination for the position of assistant surgeon of his regiment. When arraigned before the examining board which was presided over by an old gray-haired physician, he was put through a very severe course of medical tactics. In fact, the old doctor went at him in so many ways that he was badly befuddled and not a little angered. Finally, as a practical illustration, the severe old doctor, who was chairman of the Examining Board, held his knee up and asked the young fellow what he would do for him if he were found shot through the knee on the battlefield. The young applicant who had been on the rack for hours was pretty hot by this time and replied: "I wouldn't do a d—mn thing for you." That ended the examination.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## HINDMAN AND THE SURGEON

One day Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and a surgeon belonging to his staff, rode in rather pompous style down the line of a company of veterans, drawn up for review. The surgeon had an animal that was inclined to be frisky and gay. This aroused the risibilities of a scarred battle-burnt veteran in the ranks, who yelled out; "Say, Doc, can't you make that horse dance a little for a sick man?" It is unnecessary to say the horse was put through a quadrille to the tune of "Dixie."

Poor General Hindman: A gallant soldier, he fought on many a field for the South, only to fall victim to a midnight assassin, at his home at Helena, Arkansas, after the noise of battle had died away. But it was "reconstruction days."

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## AFTER THE BATTLE OF HELENA.

It was only a day or so after the disastrous battle of Helena, Arkansas, when General Holmes, in command of the department, ran across Captain Warner, of the 16th Missouri Infantry. The latter was lighting his pipe; his head was downcast and he seemed much dejected over the sad and bloody repulse the Confederates had sustained at Helena. Old General Holmes, who was a West Pointer, and who after having gained some prominence in the Seven Days' battles before Richmond in 1862, had been transferred to this department, in answer to a compliment from Captain Warner, who spoke of him gallantly leading his troops at Helena, and as acting very brave, replied: "No compliment, at all, Captain; no compliment, sir; a dog can act brave."

General Holmes was a good, seasoned soldier. He had the confidence of Mr. Davis, President of the Confederacy, but had become far advanced in years and service, and was unfortunate in being placed in a department where it required young blood and extraordinary activity.

Captain Warner died some years ago.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## AT THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

It was July 5, 1861, at the then important battle of Carthage, Missouri, that General Claiborne F. Jackson, who was retreating south with the soldiers, saw the troops of General Franz Siegel approaching in the distance. The Governor turned to the famous and gallant Raines, who commanded a brigade, and apprised him of what he had seen. General Raines, who was a brave, but uncouth soldier, replied in his homely way: "Don't be excited, Governor Jackson; don't be excited, sir; I'll disperse them in a few minutes." After that a severe engagement followed, in which Siegel was routed, but not before quite a number of brave men on both sides had "bit the dust." When the engagement was closed. Gen. Raines' boys went out into the neighboring fields and began gathering blackberries. Thenceforth Raines' command was known as "The Blackberry Cavalry."

*Anecdotes of War Days.*RAIKER AND THE OLD NEGRO  
PREACHER, DANCER AND CARD-  
PLAYER.

When in camp at Monticello, Arkansas, in 1864, there was an old negro man named Clayborne. He would come into camp most every day, preach awhile, dance awhile and swear awhile.

If you asked him if he knew a certain man, he would always answer in the affirmative. He seemed never to forget a name or face.

One day when the boys were ten feet deep around Clayborne and having lots of fun at his expense, Captain D. M. Raiker, commander of Company D, 16th regiment came up. Some one said, "Clayborne, do you know Capt. Raiker?" "Capt. Raiker, I guess I does; he raked me out of \$40 last night in a poker game."

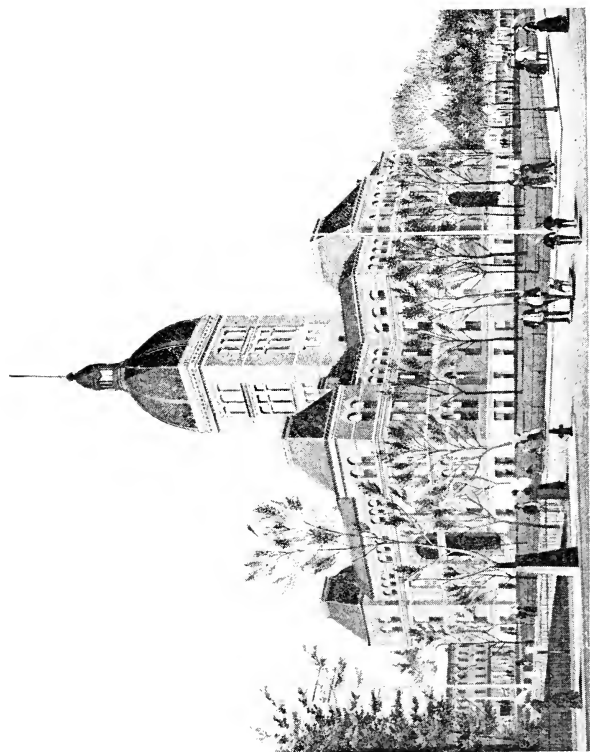
Captain Raiker is one of Johnson county's honored citizens. He and Captain F. P. Bronaugh of St. Louis are the only captains living of the 16th Missouri regiment, since the untimely death of Captain Eph. Allison, last fall. Capt. Allison was an officer at the State Prison at Jefferson City, and was killed while trying to prevent the escape of several desperate convicts.

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## J. E. FINKS AND THE HORSE HAIR.

After the battle of Pea Ridge in Arkansas, the Missouri command were ordered to Des Ark, Arkansas, on the White river. There the soldiers were all dismounted to take boats for Memphis, Tennessee. The boys disliked very much to give up their horses and take it afoot, but being good soldiers they obeyed, some willingly and some reluctantly. Some of them consoled themselves one way and some another for their loss. J. E. Finks of Henry county, Missouri said, "Boys, there is one consolation to me." One of the boys wanted to know what it was. He replied, "we won't have as much horse hair in the bread as usual." When making up the dough to bake, it took one man with his hat to fan away the horse hair, as the entire atmosphere would be filled.





MINNESOTA STATE HOUSE, ST. PAUL.



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## PRIVATE BROOKS AND THE MOSQUITOES.

At Three Creeks, near Little Rock, Arkansas, General Price's command camped for three or four months. While in this camp there was a great religious awakening among the soldiers under the preaching of Bishop Kavanaugh, Bishop Marvin and the editor of the Little Rock Advocate, Dr. Winfield. The entire camp was stirred under the preaching of these eloquent men.

Among those who were seekers of religion and who was at the anxious seat day and night for ten days was one of the finest soldiers I ever knew, W. C. Brooks, Co. C, 16th regiment.

He had been out all the forenoon in secret prayer. Like the bulk of Confederate soldiers he was barefooted. The mosquitoes were very plentiful where Brooks was kneeling and they would cover his bare feet. On his return to camp about noon, some of the boys met him and wanted to know if he had gained that peace of soul. "No," he said, "but I believe I could have gotten through all right this time if it hadn't been for those d—n mosquitoes."

Brooks lived several years after the close of the war in Boone county and like most all the ex-Confederates made a good citizen.

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## CAPTAIN GILLETTE AND I. C. POUNCE.

While in camp near Van Buren, Arkansas, after the battle of Prairie Grove, all companies had to call the roll at reveille, which was before day, each company on its own parade grounds.

Col. H.—— of the 16th Missouri regiment had commenced calling roll in advance of the other companies and when Captain Gillette was entering his company's parade ground Col. H.——, was half way down the list of names. He called the name of "I. C. Pounce." "I. C. Pounce." "I. C. Pounce." Captain Gillette remarked, "Who in the h—ll cares if you do see him."

This raised a great laughter among the boys.

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## HE HAD FITS.

Ephraim Goff and Albert Dunning, who are to-day among the most prominent and prosperous farmers in Henry county, Missouri, and who reside near Clinton, were members of Company K, 16th Missouri infantry, and no more gallant soldiers than they ever wore the grand old gray uniform.

While camped at and around Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1863, these two men were detailed for camp guard duty. After guard mount at brigade headquarters, the guard numbering about one hundred men were being marched to the guard-house some half mile away. A captain and lieutenant were in command of this guard. This particular phase of army life was not at all pleasant, and particularly so in this case to Goff and Dunning, who fixed up a little scheme to fall behind the other boys and get back to their quarters some half mile away.

A soldier seeing them starting back reported them to the lieutenant of the guard. The lieutenant drew his saber and started after the two men, yelling to them to halt. Goff was

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greatly excited for he knew it meant a week in the guard-house, and asked Dunning what they should do. Dunning replied: "Wait until he gets a little nearer and I will have a regular fit, then you can play your part and we will be excused from guard duty and will not be put in the guard house."

Suddenly Dunning tumbled over, grasped at the grass, rolled up his eyes and to all appearances was in the terrible throes of a spasm. About that time the lieutenant of the guard came up and saw Dunning. He asked Goff "what was the matter with that fellow." Goff replied, "he has a fit; he is subject to them." The lieutenant did not detect the trick and with a good deal of sternness, mixed with ill-concealed amusement, he turned to Goff and said: "Take this man to his quarters and take care of him; he is in a bad fix." That settled the little joke.

## RESULT OF A SOLDIER'S SALUTE.

In January, 1863, the Missouri Infantry was encamped around Little Rock, Arkansas, under the command of Gen. Parsons.

Gen. Parsons' adjutant general, the gallant and lamented Col. Austin M. Standish, always kept two or three fine saddle horses. On one occasion he loaned his horses to some friends to ride into the country, charging them to be back by a certain hour. The friends failed to return at the appointed time and Col. Standish was compelled to borrow a mule to ride in making his tour around the different divisions. All sentinels had to salute him by bringing his gun to a present arms. The first guard he passed, presented arms and saluted. The rattle and noise of the soldier's old musket frightened the mule, and after depositing his rider in the mud, galloped off to its quarters. The soldier was much frightened for fear of being punished, but greatly to his surprise Col. Standish got up, brushed the mud from his clothes and said: "Haven't you no better sense than to salute a man on a mule? Don't you know

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a man who will ride a mule is not worthy of a salute."

This brave and true officer, together with General Parsons, was murdered by the Mexicans after the Civil War.





THE GRIP,  
In Which All Documents Were Carried to Minnesota.



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## HINDMAN AND BOOTEN.

On the march from Van Buren to Little Rock, after the battle of Prairie Grove, in January, 1863, General Hindman and staff were riding towards the rear, when an amusing incident occurred.

When General Hindman was about opposite Company C, 16th Missouri Infantry, a soldier from the company by the name of Booten, stepped out in front of the General, who had checked his horse, saluted and said: "Mister, would you give a soldier a chaw of tobacco?" Hindman took a plug of tobacco and handed it to Booten. Booten looked up and said: "Mister, have you got a knife?" Hindman said: "You can have the whole plug." Then Booten exclaimed: "Mister, I am very much obliged to you indeed. Mister, where do you live?" Gen. Hindman replied: "Down the country below here." "Well Mister," said Booten, "tell your folks I am coming to your house next Sunday and stay all day with them."

This seemed to amuse Gen. Hindman, so he took Booten's name and company and sent him a pair of shoes that evening.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## JOHN S. KELLEY AND COL. BRISCOE.

In Col. Woods' regiment there were some of the best fighters of the war. Among them were Capt. John S. Kelley, and Major Briscoe. They were fast friends and great ladies' men. When they went to a new camp they always managed to form the acquaintance of all the nice ladies in the neighborhood.

On one occasion, near Monticello, Arkansas, Capt. Kelley formed the acquaintance of three young ladies by the name of Robinson. So he invited Major Briscoe to go out with him and call on the three graces. Briscoe gladly accepted the invitation and they were not long in arriving at the Robinson mansion. Col. Robinson, the father of the young ladies, met the gentlemen, invited them in and said the ladies would be in presently. In a few moments the three Miss Robinsons entered their elegant parlor, the elder sister in advance. Capt. Kelley, with as much grace as he could command arose and said: "Major Briscoe, let me present you to Miss Robinson." Major Briscoe bowed gallantly to "Miss Robinson." Kelley then turned to the other sister and said: "Miss Lucy Likewise, Major Briscoe." Major Briscoe

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bowed and said, "Miss Likewise." The gallant Captain Kelley turning to the younger sister said: "Miss Jennie Also, Major Briscoe." Major Briscoe bowed and said: "Delighted to meet you Miss Jennie Also."

To say Kelley was furious does not express it and Briscoe received a going over when they got back to camp.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## HE SURROUNDED HIM.

Among the multitude of tragedies and amusing incidents that took place during the Civil War was that of an Irishman, who belonged to our regiment. Pat had been sent out on a little scouting duty, and returned to camp. He had in charge a big brave-looking Yankee, fresh from Massachusetts.

"Where did you get that fellow?" asked General Price.

"Where did I get him?" said the Irishman; "I just surrounded him and captured him, your honor."

What has become of the captor and the "prisoner" is unknown.

General Sterling Price, a veteran of the Mexican war, a governor of Missouri, and Major General in the Confederate army, died, full of honors and glory, in St. Louis, in 1867.

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## COL. S. P. BURNES AND THE WORLD.

On one occasion, when General M. M. Parsons was absent, Col. S. P. Burnes, of the 11th regiment was put in command of the brigade. On return to camp, after battalion drill, Col. Burnes was passing through a strip of timber. Some of the boys were straying through this woodland and when they saw Col. Burnes approaching they hid behind a cluster of bushes. When the Colonel reached the open space in the woods he reined in his horse, faced the open space, straightened himself in the saddle, drew his saber, thinking he was all by himself, and gave the command:

“Attention World;” “By Nation, right half wheel; Change front to rear on Arkansas.” “Double Quick;” “March.”

Col. Burnes was one of the best officers and soldiers Missouri sent to the war. He has lived in Texas for many years and is as good a citizen as he was a soldier.

*Anecdotes of War Days.*

## WHY?

(From the Sunday St. Louis Republic.)

"Time makes all things even. Captain Wall C. Bronaugh of Clinton, Missouri, for a quarter of a century has spent time and money in a persistent effort to secure the liberty of Cole and Jim Younger, who have been confined in the Stillwater Penitentiary for the Northfield bank robbery, and at last he has succeeded.

"Throughout Missouri the question has been asked, 'Why does Bronaugh take such interest in securing the freedom of the Youngers? Is he a relative?' 'No.' 'Is he a paid attorney?' 'No.' The answer may be found in Joaquin Miller's lines:

" 'The standing side by side till death,  
The dying for some wounded friend,  
The faith that failed not till the end,  
The strong endurance till the breath  
And body take their ways apart.  
I only know,  
Their faults—men have them by heart;  
Their virtues—they are with their dust.'

"Actuated by friendship born of the Civil War, Captain Bronaugh has sacrificed not only



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his time but a great deal of his own private fortune in the effort in behalf of the Youngers which has just culminated in success.

“He was the first man to grasp the hand of two of Quantrell’s most daring men after the Minnesota Pardon Board had granted them parole. It was befitting that their lifelong friend should have first broken the glad tidings to the hungered men, who had not tasted the sweets of liberty in twenty-five years.

“Undaunted by repeated failure, Bronaugh persistently brought petitions from three Missouri Legislatures in behalf of the Youngers, swelled the volume of appeal for mercy by obtaining letters from prominent men in Missouri politics, in business, in law, from all religious beliefs and all political creeds, from men who had worn the gray and fought side by side with the prisoners, and from men who wore the blue and had fought against them.

“It took a quarter of a century for time to heal the wound that had incensed the State of Minnesota, but constant dropping will wear away the stone, and so, little by little, hatred softened to pity, and pity melted into compassion, and the most bitter enemies of the Youngers in Minnesota came to be their most

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ardent friends and signed the petition for their parole.

“In Missouri, in Texas, in Arkansas, in the South, men who had fought under the stars and bars held a warm place in their hearts for the Youngers, because they knew something of the fierce conditions of the border warfare in Missouri, which inflamed the passions of men and made demons and criminals of some who otherwise would have become good citizens.

“No one realizes the deeds of lawlessness which drove men to desperation in the days of the Kansas Jawhawker raids save those who were embittered by the flames of their burning homes, their live stock driven away and stolen, their relatives ruthlessly murdered.

“So kind have the prison officials been to the Younger brothers that they might have appropriately repeated from Lord Byron’s ‘Prisoner’s of Chillon,’ on the occasion of their release:

“‘And when men came to set me free,  
I recked not when. I cared not where—  
Alas, it was the same to me,  
Fettered or fetterless to be:

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I learned to love despair.  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
Had watched them in their sullen trade;  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they?  
And I the monarch of each race had power to  
kill.  
Yet strange to tell in quiet we had learned to  
dwell;  
So much alone communion tends to make us  
what we are,  
That my very chains and I grew friends,  
And I, even I, regain my freedom with a  
sigh.' "

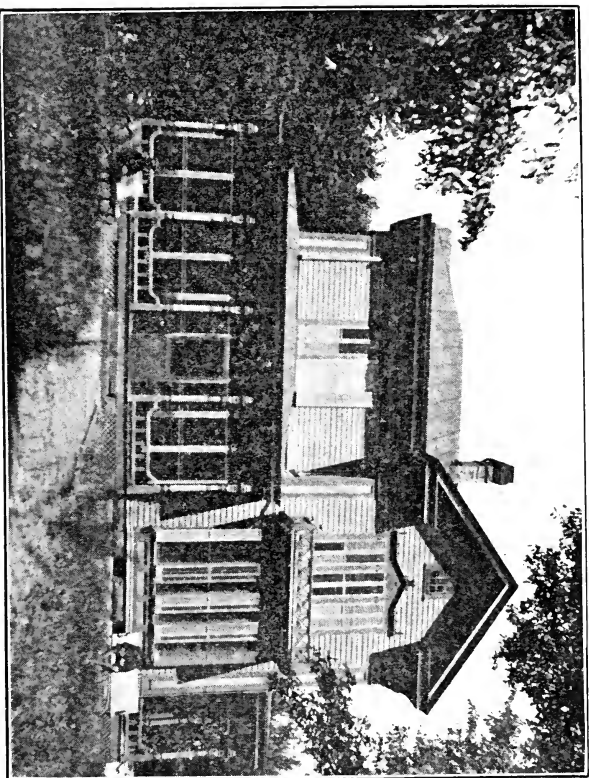
## THE BRONAUGH FAMILY.

Among the members of the noblesse of Aunis, France, that remained faithful to the Huguenot cause, in days of persecution, and who afterwards formed part of the emigration to South Carolina, was Paul Bruneau, sieur de la Chabossiere. He was born in La Rochelle and was a grandson of Jean Bruneau, counselor, an eminent citizen whose family obtained patents of nobility in the middle of the 17th century.

Paul Bruneau was accompanied in his flight to America by his nephew, Henri Bruneau. While in England they obtained letters of naturalization, March 20, 1636. They also changed the spelling of the name Bruneau to Bronaugh.

Paul and Henri Bronaugh were instrumental in building the first Presbyterian church in South Carolina.

From Paul Bronaugh descended Capt. Jeremiah Bronaugh, my ancestor. Capt. Bronaugh was born in 1703 and died in 1748. He married Sympha Rosa Enfield (Mason) Dinwiddie, widow of John Dinwiddie, a brother of



HOME OF W. C. BRONAUGH.



*The Bronaugh Family.*

Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia, and a daughter of Col. George Mason and Mary Fowke of Guston Hall, Virginia.

Capt. Jeremiah Bronaugh and his son, Capt. William Bronaugh, were in the French and Indian wars, and the son was with General Washington at Braddock's defeat. He served through the Revolutionary War and received several thousand acres of land on the Ohio river for his services. He married into the Carter family of Virginia and was my direct paternal ancestor and from the well-known Carter family of Virginia I obtain my name.

In every war the United States has been engaged in you will find the name Bronaugh in its military annals.

My mother was of the Peyton family of England and Virginia. She was a granddaughter of Col. Samuel Height Peyton of Stafford county, Virginia. She was born in Warrenton, Virginia, and was a classmate of the first victim of the Civil War, Captain John Quincy Marr. The Peyton family is a very old one in England, tracing their ancestry or origin to the 11th century. In this honorable family I may mention my immediate relatives, namely: Sir Robert Peyton of Gloucester

*The Bronaugh Family.*

county, Virginia; Hon. John Howe Peyton and John Lewis Peyton of Staunton, Virginia; Col. Green and Bernard Peyton of Richmond, Virginia; Col. Jessie E. Peyton, of Haddonfield, New Jersey; Balie Peyton, member of Congress from Tennessee; Col. Henry E. Peyton of Stonewall Jackson's staff, and R. L. Y. Peyton of Cass county, Missouri, who served with Senator Vest in the Confederate Congress.













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